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THE LANDLUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Now, after teaching the sixth grade in School Number 18, Carsonville, Illinois, for six years, I had, in the course of being a little goddess and Fate to 40 innocent young souls, quite lost sight of my own humanity. So, when I found myself growing cold, exalted, coldly intoxicated with the rage for justice, I did not know that I was losing my temper. Between my clenched teeth I said: "Be quiet—do!" as if Flossie Gately were a naughty sixth grade person. And, quite as if she were, very white around the mouth and red around the eyes, she scrambled up and fled, pausing only a little way off to say, with a snapping bitterness:

"But be careful, lovey, that he doesn't drink it all up yet!"

I was not ready to confide in Dick. I was hot with rage—only I called it indignation—and was a little bit surprised that fire from heaven did not descend and smite Mrs. Gately and wither her to ashes. I knew just how she would wither—with a shriek, as her smart clothes flickered into flame, her fierce smile curling, her eyes peering wickedly to the last. I paced the deck feverishly, my blood on fire, while she watched me furtively, with feigned and frightened indifference, from the doorway of the stair.

Dick came anxiously to me. "Polly, pet, what's up?"

I waved him away. "Don't speak to me! I can't talk to you."

But he followed me. "She's said something to hurt you! Tell me what it is, and I'll wring her neck!"

"I can't tell you!"

"Oh, rot! Of course you'll tell me!"

And after a while, and in my own fashion, I did tell him. He gave way to unreserved mirth. "Oh, Polly! I never thought you were such a little fool. You don't understand that sort of woman, dearie—she had to quarrel with you!"

"But, Dick——" And then I told him just those words of hers which rise, to my everlasting shame, I should have kept secret. With the sweetest patience he only knitted his brows at me, then smiled.

"Poor little Polly! It's had an awful lot to bear!"

"Oh, but—Dick—just before her—can't you try——?"

"Hush, Polly! I was trying——"

And then I knew what I had done. But with a woman's brutality, I blundered on. "But a little self-control, Dick. Just while we're with her——"

He tried to pass it off with a kiss, but I put him away. "Don't you see—a woman like that to look down on you—when I had such an ideal of you!"

The thing was done, though I did not know it at the time. Dick let me go—not suddenly nor coldly, but he let me go. He said only: "You don't know yet what it means to trust me, my dear."

He went back to Fenneck, to whom he was teaching the intricacies of "Polly—good;" "Mrs. Gately—good;" "Darragh—good!"

To all of which Fenneck answered: "I will say good-bye to you at Christmas."

Though the weather continued calm and sunny, with an ominous quiet in the radiant air, all peace seemed to me to have fled the ship. I was angry with myself, even a little angry with Dick for his patience; I was irritated by the mere sight of poor old Fenneck and Mrs. Gately, with her causeless malevolence, filled me with a new and desolate fear. She was to me merely a wild animal with whose habits and methods of attack I was not familiar, and I felt the need of a constant watchfulness. I could not bear now to speak of her to Dick, and to enclose all my anxiety within my own mind was an additional trial.

For two days more we rolled uneventfully upon the rank tangle of weed, which sometimes lay upon the surface of the sea, sometimes broke and sank in ravines of olive green, dull brown, and mustard yellow far down below our hull. The sombreness of these dark stretches of weed on every side was well-nigh unbearable when one recalled the dazzling, limpid aquamarine, or even the smooth foam-shot blue of the open sea.

We had by now swung quite round, and were headed almost straight south. We had long since given up trying to calculate time or distance, as we lay rolling and washing gently in that dark cradle, with no sign, save for the passage of day or night, to mark our course, but I do not think that we could have drifted half a dozen miles a day. We had passed—at least Dick and I had passed into a strange, dreamy state, in which, save when pricked to fuller consciousness by the annoyance of Fenneck of Mrs. Gately, we were unable to look forward to any other life. We could not make ourselves believe that we were ever going to be rescued; it seemed a natural and normal thing to live out years on our floating prison; to eat of things in tins and drink of things in siphons; to give our days to a multitude of little tasks and duties, invented for the most part, out of our pitiful need of employment; to give our nights to a slumber hardly more dreamful than our days. Occasionally there came to the surface of our thoughts a dim vision of a dreadful day of need or some other perils—but it sank again as swiftly as a great, bemused, sea tortoise, who had followed us and lost his way in the sea-forest, and, pushing his way through the tangle, gazed blinking at me for a few seconds, and then, flicking swiftly under a great wreath of weed, vanished and was seen no more.

Late one afternoon, as Dick and I stood side by side watching the setting sun, his clasp tightened on my hand. "Look there"—and I saw, far down on the golden southwest horizon, two tiny upright lines. "They're masts!" said he in a hoarse whisper. "It's another ship!"

All at once the apathy fell off me, and my blood began to leap through my veins. "But how can it help us?"

"She may have a boat left."

Our eyes met, and I knew that he had felt the misery of the ship even as I had felt it—and in the same look that passed between us we said something to each other that neither of us would have cared to put into words. And the thing had been said.

"But how can we get at her?" I cried aloud.

He shook his head in silence, and I knew that he inwardly cursed the lingering gloom.

There was nothing to be done but to wait for the next day and to hope, in the very teeth of our misery, for a still night which would drift us nearer our new neighbor.

At dawn we were on deck with the last glimmer, straining our eyes once more toward the southwest. For some time we could make out nothing, but as the first golden rays stole along the sea we could make her out, a little more to the north than we had thought her—which proved that we were not lying still in the trough—and near, not more than 500 yards away.

She was a smaller ship than we had expected to see her. As she rested, well out of the water and riding straight in a fashion which showed our crazy shelter, she showed herself a comely, old-fashioned two-master, weather stained but apparently sound; ragged sails dropping in shreds, her name still painted beside her ornate figure-head, though even with the glasses the letters could not be made out. Why so well-kept a ship should have drifted into that charpel was a mystery.

And her boats, two on a side, still swung in their davits. Dick put the glass down and drew a long breath. "Now, dear, you've got to be a real nice heroine."

"What am I to do?"

"First listen to me; I'm going to try to swim to her. It's our only chance—and I'm going to do it at once; if I wait till after breakfast we may drift too far."

"But it's nearly half a mile!"

"Can't help it—I used to be good for that."

"And you'll leave me alone—with those two—"

"I must. Come, be a good girl and do what I ask you. Go below and bring me up a pint of brandy—in a flask, with a good tight top—and some sort of food—something tinned—for I don't know what I may find. Hurry, now."

I did as he wished, and in 10 minutes was back with a small tin of biscuits, another of ham, and a pint of brandy, all made up into as tight a package, by the aid of a pillow-slip and twine, as I could manage. Dick, attired in his underclothing and a lifebelt, was striding up and down the deck, shivering like a grayhound in the cool morning breeze.

"Have you got them? Thank you, that's bully! Now help me fasten them to this cork jacket, to the front, not the back, remember—they're heavy—that's it! And now—dear—dearest—"

Neither of us would say good-bye. "We've not drifted further away!" I sobbed, clinging to him. "Do wait a little, please, Dick!"

He shook his head and put me gently aside. "I daren't take any chances. Let me go now."

He climbed over the side, slipping under with a dull splash which frightened the heart of me almost into silence. But he came up again in a moment, smiling back, the water rippling against his mouth, and swam slowly away toward the ship.

I watched him till even the glass could show me nothing more. When I could no longer see his dark head rising and falling with the slow swell of the olive-green surge, I sank down on the deck, sobbing fiercely in a passion of fear and loneliness.

The sense that I was not alone stopped my tears as abruptly as they had begun. I sat up, angry, to meet, as I had expected, Mrs. Gately's cold eyes. She had come up from below without a sound, and stood leaning against the cabin wall, watching me with a look of bitter mirth.

"What a little fool you are!" said she. "And what a fool he is! If you'd ever been in an open boat you'd be glad enough to be back even on this old tub." Her smile gave way to a less evil frown. "But I knew that she had been spying upon us, and I felt that I hated her. In an open boat we would at least be free of her!

I rose, dried my eyes, and without a word to her, turned my back, and gazed out over the dark water toward the ship. I meant my silence for a declaration of war, and she knew it, but for some purpose of her own she was resolved to ignore it.

"Wouldn't you better come down and have some breakfast?" she said pleasantly—more pleasantly than she had spoken since we had dragged her, fainting, upon the ship. I did not answer, and presently I heard the tap of her heels on the deck as she left me—she could walk audibly enough when she chose.

After a time which seemed hours, but which was probably not more than half an hour, I heard above the soft ripple of the sea against the ship a shout so remote that it sounded hardly louder than a sigh. Straining my eyes toward the ship, I saw a flag, the Stars and Stripes creep slowly, jerkily, to the top of a mast.

I was mad with joy; I laughed, shouted, sang. In a frenzy of response, I ran and tugged at the cords securing our own signals, and our hardly borne emblem of distress slid swiftly to the deck.

I went below and set about making ready for Dick's return. I laid out dry clothing in his cabin, and made a fire in the galley range, and prepared some hot food for us both. Poor Fenneck, whom I had quite forgot, was lured by the tempting of the unwonted odor, and trotted in. I had no end of trouble to keep him from snatching his breakfast from the fire, till, to keep him quiet, I shamelessly overfed him with anything obtainable, and thrust him, munching and content, out of the galley.

Mrs. Gately, lounging in the doorway, lifted her carefully penciled brows in amusement. "You perhaps begin to understand, my dear, what I went through with the creature for 24 hours! But I counted on your having more patience!"

My nerves were swiftly getting on edge with the pair of them; but I told myself to wait.

When things were ship-shape, and in a state to be left to themselves, I went up again to watch for Dick. But it was past noon, and I was worn out with anxiety, and nearly blinded by staring through the glass upon the dancing water where the sun played in a path of dazzling silver—when I saw a tiny streak of white in the trough of a slow wave, which rose and hid it even as I looked. But the wave fell again, and I made out a boat—and Dick.

As he came nearer, he hailed me hoarsely. He was evidently very tired and was paddling, canoe-fashion, with a single oar; as I answered him he waved the oar at me.

At last he was near enough to ask for a rope, and I told him to try to bring the boat to port, where I had already made one fast, and where the boat was less likely, in rougher weather, to be jammed upon the ship's side. But he shook his head. "No, this side—quick—I'll tell you why later."

I obeyed him, and he made the line fast to the boat—a dory that had once been painted white and whose name, Sophronia B., was still faintly traced upon the prow—and crawled slowly and painfully up the ship's side. As he half leaped, half fell, over the taffrail, I held out my arms, and he stumbled to me and clung, trembling with fatigue.

"I'm dead beat, girlie! Have you got anything to eat? I didn't take time for a mouthful—and I'm beastly cold." He was pale with exhaustion and the chill of his wet clothing; his eyes were black-rimmed and his teeth chattered. But before he would go below he insisted on making sure again that the boat was fast. "We won't lose another boat, will we darling?" said he. My poor Dick!

I ordered him to go to bed, and when I came to his stateroom with a comfortable tray laden with our breakfast (for I myself would not eat till his return), he was already dozing from sheer fatigue. But I roused him, propped him with pillows, and made him eat. After a few ravenous mouthfuls he became talkative.

"Queerest thing you ever knew! She's the Sophronia B., bound from Boston to Liverpool with a cargo of raw cotton and hides. Fancy, the poor dear sailed on the fourth of June, eighteen-seventy-two! Oh, if we could only work this old tub and tow her into port—or work herself, for that matter! Think of it, a beauty of a little three-hundred-ton ship in almost as good condition as the day she sailed!"

"But, if she was in good condition, why did they leave her?"

His face paled, contracted. "They didn't leave her—they're all aboard, poor wretches—that is, those they couldn't get overboard."

It was another of the obscure and volceless tragedies of the sea. The Sophronia B., eight days out from Boston, met with head winds and was blown out of her course. Cholera had been lurking in the port and had stolen on board; out of her crew of 12 men, but three had survived the first outbreak. These, so ran the pitifully bare chronicle of the log, had buried the rest, congratulated themselves, and had bravely hoped, few as they were, to work the ship back to her course, when the captain was stricken. The first officer noted the death of the captain and second mate, and added: "I am afraid of what may happen to O'Brien and myself if one of us gets sick. We are afraid to touch the captain's body or Mr. Mercer's to bury them, but will try to do so this afternoon. I do not feel well . . ."

"There were four dead, three in the cabins, one on deck," said Dick; "only the bones of them, poor fellows—there was nothing horrible. But the deck! My word, Polly! but the deck was a queer thing to see—like green velvet, a soft moss all over, a regular lawn, but slippery as wet glass and slimy—a sort of seaweed, I suppose, grown in the wash and rain of all these years. The man on deck looked a funny thing, an elegant set of bones embroidered in—what's that fluffy business, you know, in the poem about the caterpillar?—oh, yes, chenille!"

I shuddered. "Why didn't you bring the log?"

"I was afraid. One doesn't know how long a scourge like that may last. But, if you like, we'll go back and get it in the morning."

"No, thank you!"

"I read the log from the beginning of the voyage, though. It made me feel as if I were 12 years old again, curled up on the window-seat in my room with a pocketful of swiped cookies and a Nick Carter—only now it goes through me more." The tears came into his eyss and his hand closed on mine. "The captain's name was Nathaniel M. Parsons; he had a faded photograph of his wife, in a crinoline, and holding up a fat little Nathaniel M., pinned up over his berth. Poor girl! she's been looking down on his yellow old bones for more than thirty years." He drew me down and kissed me. "Oh, but it's good to be home!"

"You're not home yet, Dickie."

"Yes, I am—you're home, Polly, dear!"

"They must have shipped a lot of water somehow," he went on. "Everything was blotched and faded and damp, with a lonely, awful smell of mould—the whole place seemed fairly oozing. There was a guitar in the first mate's cabin, and the wood had swollen and bulged and split; the string it had hung by had rotted, and it had fallen on what was left of him. It didn't seem decent to stay staring about down there, so I went on deck and got the boat down. I couldn't eat in that plague-tainted coffin, so what with the swim and being hungry, and the slippery deck, and the sick feeling I had at the general lonely horror of it, it took me all of two hours. But I made good time back, didn't I? And tomorrow, dearie, we'll make the sail, and then we'll say good-bye to the old tub and—and—" He looked up at me, shyly, queerly, like a naughty little boy with a big piece of mischief in his head.

Womanlike, I put it into words, "Well, she'd do it—like winking! But let's not think about it."

A look of relief came into his face. "No, let's not."

That evening we sat late on the deck, watching our boat in the faint starlight as lovingly as if she were a singularly exquisite and precious thing—as indeed she was. We drew the line hauling her as short as possible lest it become fouled by the weed, dragged, and broken. "The reason I wouldn't let you fasten her on the port side," Dick explained, "was the fear that she might be washed under and the rope worn through—things cling so close in the water. Here she'll only bump a little—and she'll stand it, the mossy little darling! Besides, we can load her better. Dearie, we're actually off! And now, let us turn our thoughts to serious things. Have you forgotten that you're engaged to me?"

"I certainly have not."

"Well, then, I have the honour to announce my approaching marriage to you on the first bit of dry ground we bump into—and just as soon as the law allows!"

"Indeed! Then you shall be married quite by yourself! I've got, first, to have some clothes! Nearly every decent thing I have is soaking in the hold of this blessed old tub!"

Dick laughed, but grew quickly serious. "By Jove! I have some nice things, too! There was a motor coat that I planned myself—you never saw anything like the collar for wet days—and a lot of riding things, and—oh, well, we've got the boat, think of that, darling. We've got our dear, blessed little Sophronia B., Junior! And when I've performed on her with a cake of sopollo—the peerless beauty——"

But I was not listening. "Three hundred and fifty pounds would be awfully useful," I gloomily interrupted him.

"Has she said anything about it?"

"Not a word."

"Then, depend on it, she hasn't got it."

Next morning Dick set to work on the Sophronia B. so early that by breakfast time the old dory was spotless and dry. She swung on her cable with a splendidly rejuvenated air, as of an unappreciated beauty who had come into her own at last. In spite of her blistered sides she was really a pretty, trim little thing that had once been white painted and was not more than 14 or 15 feet long.

But I did not look her over till later because, when I went to call Dick to breakfast, I found Mrs. Gately, in an apparently amiable mood, looking down at him as he scrubbed and whistled.

"That's an awfully little boat for four of us, isn't it, Miss Harding?" she remarked.

"Rather—but as it happens to be all we have, we will have to put up with it. We can't take any luggage."

"Oh, that goes without saying—only our jewels."

"Jewels! The word put an ugly idea into my head. "Have you many jewels?"

"I? Why you know I'm not rich—I've only a few little souvenirs."

"You must show them to me sometime; I love jewelry." A sullen flash lit her eyes and died down, but she made no answer. But all that day she was very pleasant and quite talkative.

After breakfast, Dick scrambled into the rigging, and, after ordering us below for fear of an accident, proceeded to annex the most annexable of our great sails. He clambered about in the hot sun, cutting, clinging, wrenching, for half an hour, before a huge mass of canvas fell with a mighty rustling thud upon the deck. He gave a shout of triumph and I rushed on deck. He slid down the mast and hugged me. "Observe the real sailorman, my Polly."

"Poor Dickie, you look so hot!"

"I'm glad it's hot—it means fair weather, and at most a southwest breeze. Oh, if we could only start tomorrow!"

"Can't we?"

He waved his hand toward the tumbled heap of canvas. "Look at that! But we've got to begin; can you sew?"

"I can make my own blouses."

He laughed. "Well, we'll see how you fit little Sophronia B.! And you can show me. If we both work we may get it done this afternoon. Get your thimble and things."

"But, Dick—I've nothing to sew canvas with!"

"Why, haven't you got a needle and thread?"

I explained to him the difference between batiste and sailcloth, and the implements employed thereupon. His face fell; he thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled softly, his eyes drawn into anxious pucker.

"We could use twine—if we've got any—and we could punch holes with a knife. Yes, that's what we'll do. Let's get to work."

Then began a painful job of sailmaking after primitive methods. We stretched out part of the big sail, and tried to spread it upon the 40-year old canvas of the dory of the Sophronia B., but the deck was too narrow, blocked by the cabins, so we had to lug the whole heavy mass forward and try again. We cut out the sail with the largest scissors we could find, and used a carving knife to go through seams. With twine we sewed after the fashion of the cave-man before bone needles were invented, until I thought of my ribbon needle, which worked beautifully—till it broke. We blistered our palms and broke our nails and burned the backs of our necks in the warm summer sun, and, worst of all, the task grew as we worked, so we foresaw that we should perhaps have to spend another day at it—and meanwhile there was a fine, freshening breeze from the southwest which we hated to miss. Altogether, it would have been a heartrending job if we had not been able, when things were at their tiresomest, to snatch a glance down the starboard side at our dear, clean, expectant Sophronia B., hovering there so lightly on the water, as if eager to carry us away to the northwest, to liberty, and home.

Mrs. Gately also hovered, and complimented us on our energy, and was afraid we were working dreadfully hard. She even went below and made sauterne-cup and brought it up in a tall jug, with a piece of ice in it. She didn't offer to help, she explained, because she was always so awfully awkward at that kind of thing. But even as it was we felt remorseful, knowing silently between us that we were planning to leave her, cheat her out of all hope.

(To Be Continued.)

Rise in Prospects of Agriculture

HOPPING ON STILTS. From the Sketch.

This is not an open air rehearsal by pantomime giants or a new way of reaching the pole. Our photograph merely represents some worthy hop growers of Kent fixing wire on their hop poles for the hops to climb on. In these days of agricultural depression, according to the humorist of The Sketch, it is cheering to find men of the soil who can raise above the circumstances in which they are placed and take a lofty view of their surroundings.

HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Bennington mills, or shops, were situated just inside the city limits. Beyond was a beautiful undulating country of pastures and wheat fields, dotted frequently with fine country homes. The mills were somewhat isolated from the general manufacturing settlement, but had spurs of track that for practical purposes were much nearer the main line of freight traffic than any of those manufacturing concerns which posed as its rivals. It was a great quadrangle of brick, partly surrounded by a prison-like wall. Within this wall was a court, usually piled high with coke and coal and useless molds. The building was, by turns, called foundry, mills and shops. The men who toiled there called it the shops. Day and night, night and day, there was changor and rumbling and roaring and flashes of intense light. In the daytime great volumes of smoke poured from the towering chimneys, and at night flames shot up to the very walls of heaven, burnishing the clouds.

The elder Bennington was one of those men who, with a firm standing on the present, lay admirable plans for the future. He had been in no great hurry to get rich. He went leisurely about it, tantalizing fortune, it might be said. His first venture had shown foresight. At the beginning of the Civil war he had secured an option on many thousand tons of coal. Without taking an actual penny from his pockets, he had netted a comfortable fortune. Again, his foresight recognized that the day would come when the whole continent would gird itself in steel. With his ready money he bought ground and built a small mill. This prospered. He borrowed from the banks, and went on building. Ten years passed. The property was unencumbered; he had paid both interest and principal. He did not believe in stockholders. He sold no stock. Every nail bolt and screw was his; every brick, stone and beam. There were no directors to meddle with his plans, no fool's hand to block his progress, to thwart his vast projects. Slowly he became rich, for every piece of steel that went out to the purchaser was honest steel. Sagacity and loyalty overcame all obstacles. Many a time he might have sold at a handsome profit. But selling wasn't his idea; he had a son. Besides, this was his life-work, and he detested the idle rich, which at that time were just coming into evidence.

He never speculated; but he bought government bonds, railroad bonds, municipal bonds, for he had great faith in his country. He had the same faith in his native city, too, for he secured all the bank stock that came his way. Out of every ten dollars he earned he invested five, saved three, and spent two. He lived well, but not ostentatiously. He never gave directly to charities, but he gave work to hundreds, and made men self-reliant and independent, which is a far nobler charity. He never denied himself a vacation; he believed that no man should live and die at his desk. There was plenty of time for work and plenty for play; but neither interfered with the other. He was an ardent fisherman, a keen hunter, and a lover of horses.

More than all these things, he was one of those rare individuals one seldom meets—the born father. He made a man of his son and a woman of his daughter. When he sent the boy to England, he knew that the boy might change his clothes, but neither his character nor his patriotism. He voted independently; he was never a party man; thus, public office was never thrust in his way. Perhaps he was too frankly honest. He never worried when his son reached the mating age. "Whoever my boy marries will be the woman he loves, and he is too much his father's son not to love among his equals." He was a college-bred man besides, but few knew this. He had an eye for paintings, an ear for music, and a heart for a good book. It is this kind of man whom nature allows to be reproduced in his children.

He was gruff, but this gruffness was simply a mask to keep at arm's length those persons whom he did not desire for friends.

When he died he left a will that was a model of its kind. There were not a hundred lines in the document. He divided his fortune into three parts, but he turned the shops over to his son John, without stipulations, wholly and absolutely, to do with them as he pleased. But he had written a letter in which he had set forth his desires. It may be understood at once that these desires readily coincided with those of the son.

John had not begun in the office. On the contrary, during school vacations he worked as a puddler's apprentice, as a molder's apprentice, in the rail-shop, in the sheet and wire shops. He worked with his hands, too, and drew his envelope on Saturday nights like the rest of them. There was never any talk about John's joining the union; the men looked upon his efforts good-naturedly and as a joke. The father, with wisdom always at his elbow, never let the fishing trips go by. John had his play. At the age of 20 he knew as much about the manufacture of steel as the next one. He loved the night shifts, when the whole place seethed and glowed like an inferno. This manual education had done something else, too. It had broadened his shoulders, deepened his chest, and flattened his back. Many a time the old man used to steal out and watch the young Hercules, stripped to the waist, drag rails to the cooling room. When John entered college athletics he was not closely confined to the training tables.

Under the guidance of such a father, then, there could not be as a result anything less than a thorough man.

On the following Monday morning succeeding the encounter with Bolles, John boarded a car and went out to the shops as usual. He found nothing changed. The clerks in the office were busy with huge ledgers, though it is true that many a hand was less firm than on ordinary days. Rumors were flying about, from clerk to clerk, but none knew what the boss intended to do. From the shops themselves came the roaring and hammering that had gone on these 30 years or more. Bennington opened his mail and read each letter carefully. There were orders for rails, wire rope and sheets for boilers. The business of the concern always passed through his hands first. Even when he was out of town, duplicates of all orders went sent to him. He laid each letter in a flat basket; but this morning there was no "O. K.—J. B." scrawled across the tops. There would be time enouhg for that later. He rose and went to the window and looked down into the court. His heart beat heavily. There was something besides the possibility of a strike on his mind. But he flung this thought aside and returned to the strike. Was it right or was it wrong? Should he follow out his father's request, letter for letter? To punish two or three who were guilty, would it be right to punish several hundred who were not? And those clerks and assistants yonder, upon whom families depended, who had nothing to do with unionism, one way or the other, what about them? Fate strikes blindly; the innocent fall with the guilty. The analysis of his own desires was quick enough. Surrender? Not much Not an inch, not a tenth part of an inch would he move. If men permitted themselves to be sheep in the hands of an unscrupulous man, so much the worse. He promised himself this much: all those who appealed to him honestly, for these he would find employment elsewhere. There were other mills and shops in town that would be glad enough to employ a Bennington man, which signified capability.

"Mr. Bennington."

John turned. Chittenden, the young English inventor, stood respectfully just within the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Chittenden. How's the invention going? Did you get that special pulley from Pittsburg yet?"

"The invention is going very well, sir. But it is not of that I wish to speak."

"Have you joined the union, then?" asked Bennington, with a shade of irony which did not escape the keen-eyed Englishman.

"No!" This was not spoken; it was more like a shout. "I have joined no union, and my brain may rot before I do. The truth is, sir, I hear that if the men go out you'll tear down the shops." He hesitated.

"Go on."

"Well, I do not want this to happen an my account. I am young; I can wait; I'll take my tinkering elsewhere. You've been very good to me, sir, and I should hate to see you troubled."

"Chittenden, you can't leave me now. If you do, I shall never forgive you. You are a valuable piece of property just now. You are to be my best case, as the lawyers say. If you go now the men will think I weakened and forced you out. You gave me your word that you would stay here till I told you to go."

"There's nothing more to be said, sir. You may depend upon me."

"Thanks. Te day you perfect your machine, on that day I shall find the capital to promote it. Good morning."

"The committee was coming up after me, sir," was the reply.

"Ah!" Bennington's eyes flashed. "Then remain to hear what I have to say to them."

All this while the girl at the typewriter never paused. Clickety-click! clickity-click! Suddenly all noises ceased, all but the noise of the typewriter. The two men looked at each other quickly and comprehensively. There was a tramping of feet on the stairs, and presently a knock on the door. Clickity-click!

"You may go," said Bennington to the girl.

The girl gathered up her notes and passed into the main office.

Again came the knock, more aggressive this time.

"Come in."

The committee, headed by Morrissy, entered with shuffling feet. Morrissy saw the Englishman and scowled.

"Well, gentlemen?" said Bennington, sitting on his desk and resting a foot on the chair.

"We have come to learn what you intend to do about this Britisher," began Morrissy.

"I don't recollect your face," replied Bennington thoughtfully. "How long have you been in the shops?"

"I'm not in your shops," returned Morrissy blusteringly.

"In that case," said Bennington mildly, "there's the door. I do not see how this matter concerns you."

"Well, it does concern me, as you'll find soon," cried Morrissy, choking with sudden rage.

"I'll give you one minute to make the foot of the stairs. If you're not there at the end of that time, I'll take you by the collar and help you." Bennington drew out his watch.

"He's the head of our union, Mr. Bennington," interposed one of the men, shifting his feet uneasily.

"Oh! Then he's the man who is really making all this trouble?" Bennington nodded as if he had just arrived at a solution.

"I'm here to see that my men have their rights." Morrissy failed to understand this mild mannered young man. "And it'll take a bigger man than you to throw me out of here. This Britisher either joins the union or he goes."

"If he joins the union he'll be permitted to continue the perfecting of his invention?"

"His invention is not necessary all

MEAT OF THE WALRUS IS A DELICACY WHEN THE THERMOMETER REGISTERS 50 BELOW ZERO

Trials and Thrills Encountered on Polar Trails, When Only Unconquerable Foe Is Monotony of the Long Nights.

It is not all trouble and privation on the road toward the North Pole, writes "R. H. G.," in the New York Evening Post. One explorer has said that the beauty of one spring day, particularly at sunrise, pays for weeks of toil and cold in the Arctic circle. Even the bright moonlight of the long winter night, disturbed by terrifying creakings and crashes of moving ice amid a desolation that gives to every sound undue potency, has its artistic compensation for sustenance of seal or walrus flesh, for clothes frozen so stiff that they can stand alone, for continual struggles to keep soul and body together.

That spring day, which every Arctic adventurer describes in outbursts of poetic prose—what a pity some real poet has not been there to recount its beauties in verse!—is something to be remembered in the lonely nights which come afterward. To get the full benefit of the beauties spring nature affords, one must be out of bed early. It is just before the sun rises, and just after, that the wilderness of snow and ice is garbed in its fairest radiance.

Pausing for a long time ere it comes into view over the horizon, the sun casts upon the myriads of light clouds and mist in its path the most delicate tints of gray, purple, pink, rose and mauve. At intervals the variety of color is broken by solid lakes of gold. On the snow and the glaciers, and the ice floes, too, as well as overhead, are reflected the glancing colors. Mountains of ice assume fantastic shapes, and for scores of miles the landscape is a succession of variously shaped mirrors of light, changing from one hue to the other so rapidly that the eye cannot keep pace with them.

While you watch and wonder, up comes the sun, suddenly. The dazzling variety gives place to a steady flow of brilliantly whitish blue light. Sky and snow take on a bluish hue. The Arctic explorers aver that Arctic snow is never pure white. Most of them have described it rather as blue. Dr. Frederick A. Cook, whose dash to the Pole has directed attention anew upon northern exploration, told of purple tints farther north than any of his predecessors had gone. Perhaps his purple is the old blue, from the different viewpoint. Besides, it was winter when Dr. Cook fixed the color as purple, and that may account for the difference between his snow and that of the perfect spring day.

Under the Bluest Skies.

On such a day—to continue the picture—the sky is even bluer over the land of ice than the most famed sky of the tropics. And below is evident quite as much of the joy of life. Hundreds of thousands of birds, with incessant chattering, greet the sun from their rocky perches. Clinging to the cliffs, bared by the partial melting of winter's ice, are lichens of vivid red, white, gray and black. Down in the sheltered places, even, are the gay blossoms of the far north—Arctic buttercups, Arctic poppies and many others, covering the ground with a carpet of purples, greens and browns.

There are barren regions, to be sure; but none of a barrenness to be compared with a tropical desert. Until the winter comes around again the Arctic explorer for the most part is in the midst of natural wonders unsurpassed anywhere.

Then comes the desolate autumn, forerunner of the long night, and when this night has settled down upon him, the real troubles of the explorer begin. No more sunrises, no more birds, no sight of flowers. The cold is a minor ill. He becomes accustomed to that, learns how to fight it. What he cannot grow to like is the monotony, the dreariness, the long time of waiting before morning, while the ice pressure strikes against his cabin and squeals and the winds howl a dismal accompaniment to the winter lights' flashes.

Though he may be in a secure camp, or living with friendly Eskimos, there is nothing but monotony. At the hour that should be midday it is as dark as midnight. For his daily recipes, after December 22, the longest day of the year, he counts the hours until his lot will be to bask in the sunlight at midnight, in the next Arctic summer; to eat his breakfast at 10 p. m., and to go to bed at 10 a. m. For most explorers, the winter is merely a season of looking forward to spring or any summer. Dr. Cook ordered his travels differently, after advancing the theory that it would be easier to reach the Pole over the unbroken ice stretches of the night season.

Comforts on the Ice Pac.

This is what life is like for the man who ventures from warmer climes into the far north: Inside the camp hut, with a fire always burning, possible comforts approximate those of home. The same is true when you are ice-blocked on your ship, well supplied with provisions, or are a guest of the Eskimos. If you are merely waiting for daylight, the only trouble to be met is the occasional, or perhaps frequent venture to the outer air. The temperature inside is 70 (Fahr.). Outside it is minus 50 degrees, maybe lower, rarely much higher until spring. When you emerge, you must pile on your furs to keep off evil effects from the change. Having learned how to do this, you find life healthy. One British explorer gained 25 pounds in a winter with the Eskimos—and wanted to go back for another season.

It is on the sledge journey, which has come to be the chief test in the modern dash northward beyond the line of human habitation, that the explorer suffers. However experienced or hardy he may be, he must endure much. In the first place, there is a big load to be carried. Though he may rely on killing game enough for food, he must carry fuel—not for the purpose of cooking his food, which he could eat raw; but fire is absolutely a necessity for getting water. The ice must be melted in some other way than by sucking it that would blister the lips and probably injure the digestive machinery. As a matter of fact, most of the food is cooked, so long as the fuel is not too low.

Since the main object is to lessen the weight of the equipment, the fuel used is alcohol or petroleum. It is treasured carefully, every drop of it. The stove in which it is burned is a specially constructed, closed affair, which is covered with clothing or blankets to keep in the heat and bar out the cold while meals are being prepared.

Fuel is never plentiful enough for the sledging party to use it in drying their clothes. Socks, which must be changed daily, have to be dried out in trousers' pockets or against the owner's chest, by the heat of the body. On the march, furs are worn only upon the hands and feet, but you heap them all over you when there is a stop for a luncheon or in camp at night. After a time the furs become so stiff from the accumulated frozen bodily moisture that the wearer has a hard wriggle to get into them. The most intense suffering on the sledge dash, it has been said, is in the process of running about and doing calisthenics for the purpose of thawing out fur garments into which one has painfully inserted himself when they were as hard as boards.

In a Tent of Silk.

The sledgers camp under silk tents. All the men of the party, covered with furs, lie close together through the night to keep each other warm. In recent years European and American seekers for the Pole have adopted the policy of lightening their burdens to the lowest limit, learning much from the Eskimos, about maintenance without an extraordinary number of furs or heavy tents, and about methods of finding game instead of lugging a vast amount of food over the ice fields. The result has been a cutting in the expenses of preparing for Polar expeditions.

Keeping food in a condition regarded as fit by civilized nations is next to impossible in the Arctic region. Minced meat freezes until it has to be disintegrated with hatchets. Syrup grows so hard that it cannot be broken at all. Bread becomes filled with ice particles. Bacon cuts like leather. The butter falls away in hard ships. The whisky is milky. The tobacco breaks up until it is a fine powder, like snuff, and a pipe-smoker must draw continually if he wants to keep the tube from freezing.

When Fridtjof Nansen was making his 15-months' sledging trip with Capt. Johansen, he recorded in a diary the obstacles that had been met by him, as well as by previous explorers. The pressure ridges, over which the two men had to clamber, dragging their loaded sledges after them, were continuous from the time they bade farewell to the little steamship Fram. Occasionally they had broad expanses of flat ice, but more often series of uneven hillocks. They made a number of journeys longer than Dr. Cook's daily average, but most were shorter, and it is inferred from preliminary dispatches that the Brooklyn explorer's surmise proved to be correct in reference to the greater ease of winter travel.

Nansen had hardly a day without some mishap. Among the trivial annoyances was the piercing of a bag of flour by a jagged bit of ice; the men had to stop a whole hour while they gathered up the precious food. Another time their g[illegible]eter—the machine for recording dis[illegible] walked—was broken in an ice jam, [illegible] they missed one of their dogs an[illegible] a day going back to look for it, [illegible] to find the animal so sick that they [illegible]ed it loose. Their clothes froze at night. "If we had only been able to get them off," wrote Nansen, "they could have stood by themselves, and cracked audibly every time we moved." A frozen sleeve cut a gash in his wrist that left him scarred for life.

It was not long before they reached the stage where they had to kill some of their dogs, and the flesh was offered to the other animals. At first the faithful creatures went supperless to bed rather than tures went supperless rather than eat their team-mates, but they overcome the repulsion, devourning hair and all.

Nansen and Johansen did most of their traveling over the Polar sea. They reached 86 degrees 14 minutes—the farthest north up to that time—on May 30, 1896. In 1900 a member of the party led by the duke of the Abruzzi went as far as 86 degrees 33 minutes. Commander Peary, who held the record before Dr. Cook's discovery of the Pole, reached 87 degrees 6 minutes in 1907.

When Nansen and his companions were nearing Franz Josef Land, where they spent the winter living on walrus and seal meat in a hut, they found themselves in the midst of the worst series of ice pressure ridges encountered anywhere. "It was as if some giant had hurled down enormous blocks pellmell, and had strewn wet snow in between them, with water underneath," said Nansen. There were deep pools between the blocks. Jumping from one to another, they pulled their sledges laboriously. On each sledge was a boat (kayak) for crossing the open water ahead, besides their camp equipment and what was left of their provisions and fuel. As they were nearing the end of the rough ice, they were attacked by a great bear, which Nansen shot after it had slapped Johansen and two dogs.

One of the most interesting phases of Polar exploration has been the scientific side—zoological, botanical and geological. Each of the large expeditions has included men learned in these branches, but, owing to the difficulties to be surmounted, there is not a corner of the earth where so much still remains to be found or so many half-discoveries to be substantiated as in the Arctic circle.

A large number of native birds have been seen, but never accurately classified, as to habits and history. Examples are Ross' gull and Sabine's gull. There is every reason to believe that numerous other species have not even yielded one specimen to the collector in the ice covered region. The variety of Arctic animals, too, is extensive, and maybe others are still to be found. It was comparatively recently that the musk-ox—half sheep and half ox—was located. Once upon a time he flourished in temperate areas of Europe, America and Asia, but now his only habitat is the frozen north. Other four-footed creatures peculiar to the region are the Arctic fox, reindeer, glutton, lemming and varieties of the wol

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

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present. The output as it is meets the demand."

"Look here Mr. Morrissy, I'll make you a proposition."

"What?"

"You and I will go down to the molding room and have it out with our fists. If you win, Chittenden goes; if I win he stays and the men return to work."

"This isn't no kids play, Mr. Bennington. You've got a big strike looking you in the face."

Bennington laughed. "I'm afraid you're a coward. So Mr. Chittenden must join the union or go? Is isn't a question of wage scale or hours; it simply revolves around Mr. Chittenden. Supposing he joins the union, what will you give him to do?" Bennington's voice was that of a man who wishes to know all sides of the question.

"Well, he'll have to learn where they all started from."

"Mr. Chittenden is an expert machinist."

"Let him join the union, then, and there won't be any trouble here. I want justice. This shop is union, and no nonunion man can work here. I want justice, that's all."

"You'll get that all in good time, Mr. —ah—?"

"Morrissy."

"Mr. Morrissy. Mr. Chittenden, are you willing to join the union?" Bennington smiled as he plied this question.

"Not I. My word, I'd as lief starve as become a union man, and under such a master. I prize my manhood and independence above all things. I have already refused to join. I never take back what I say."

"Neither do I, Mr. Chittenden," Bennington stood up.

"Then out he goes," said Morrissy, recovering his truculence.

"On what authority?" Bennington's voice was growing milder and milder. "On what authority?" he repeated.

"On mine!" cried!" Morrissy.

"You are mistaken. I am master here. Mr. Chittenden will remain on the pay roll."

"Then in ten minutes the men will walk out on my orders. You're making a big mistake," Mr. Bennington.

"That is for me to judge."

"Ten minutes to make up your mind." Morrissy made a gesture toward his watch.

"Don't bother about the time, Mr. Morrissy. We'll spend the ten minutes in the molding room."

Morrissy turned pale.

"Oh, we shan't come to fisticuffs, Mr. Morrissy. I am a gentleman, and you are not. Not a word," as Morrisy clenched his fists. "Mr. Shipley," said Bennington to one of the committee, "will you get all the men together? I have a few words to say to them before this ten minutes is up. I want to give the men a fair show."

"You can have twenty minutes, my English-bred gentleman," snarled Morrissy. At that moment he would have given a thousand dollars for the strength to whip the man whose ruin he believed he was planning. "I'm kind of anxious myself to hear what you've got to say."

"In fact, I hope you will listen carefully to every word I say," replied Bennington, with a nod tward the door.

The committee went out solemnly. Morrissy was next to the last to go down the stairs. Bennington followed closely behind him.

"Some day I'll get a good chance at you, Mr. Morrissy, and the devil take care of you when I do. I shall see to it that the law will be found to fit your case."

Morrissy shifted over to the balustrade, looking over his shoulder at the speaker.

"Look here, you can't talk to me that way, Bennington."

"Can't I? I'll proceed. In the first place, you're a damn scoundrel. You've brought about this trouble simply to show that you have power to injure me. Well, you can't injure me, Mr. Morrissy, but you will do irreparable injury to these poor men who put their trust in you and your kind. Chittenden? That's a pretty poor excuse. You've always harbored a grudge against my father, and this seems to be your chance. You've the idea that you can intimidate me. You can't intimidate me any more than you could my father. More than all this, McQuade is back of this move; and if I can prove that you accepted a bribe from him, I'll have you both in court for conspiracy."

"You're talking big. It won't do you any good."

"Wait. I should be willing to wait ten years to call you thief and blackguard in public. But I say to you now, privately, you are both a thief and a blackguard."

Morrissy stepped back, red in the face. But he recognized the disadvantage of his position. He was one step lower than his accuser.

"Go on," said Bennington, his voice now hard and metallic; "go on down. There'll be no rough and tumble here. I won't give you that satisfaction."

"Well, mark my words, I'll get satisfaction out of you shortly, and then you'll talk on the other side of your mouth. This is business now. When that's done, why, I'll make you eat every one of those words."

Bennington laughed sinisterly. He could crush the life out of this flabby ruffian with one arm easily.

Nothing more was said, and the way to the great molding room was traversed silently. Shipley sent out orders, and in a few minutes the men congregated to hear what the boss had to say. It was, to say the least, an unusual proceeding, this of an employer delivering a speech to his men after they had practically declared a strike. Morrissy now regretted that he had given Bennington any grace at all, for it was not to be doubted that there was only a small majority of the men who had voted for a strike. And these were the young men; youth is always so hotheaded and cock-sure of itself. The older men, the men who had drawn their pay in the shops for twenty years or more, they were not so confident.

Bennington mounted a pile of molds and raised his hand. The murmur of voices dwindled away into silence. The sun came in through the spreading skylights, and Bennington stood in the center of the radiance. He was a man, every inch of him, and not a man among them would deny it. There are many things that are recognizable even to crass minds, and one of these is a man. Genius they look upon with contempt, but not strength and resolution; they can not comprehend what is not visible to the eye.

"Fire away, boss!" said a voice from the crowd.

Many of the men smiled, but there was no answering smile on the face of the man on the molds.

"I have but few words to say to you men, and I trust for the sake of your families, that you will weigh carefully every word I utter." Bennington took his father's letter from his pocket and unfolded it. "You are about to take a step such as you all will live to regret. My father never threatened; he acted. I shall follow his example. You are on the verge of striking. I shall recognize the strike only at the moment you decide to leave the shops. You will strike without cause, without justice, simply because you are commanded to do so by your leader."

"Hold on, Mr. Bennington!" cried one of those nearest him. "We have the right to vote, and we voted against your policy in hiring a non-union man."

"Put it that way if it pleases you," replied Bennington. "I say that you strike simply to show how strong your power is. It is a fine thing to have power, but it is finer by far to use it only when justice makes a cause. But power is a terrible weapon in the hands of those who cannot direct it wisely. Let me come to facts. Your wages are the highest in the city, five per cent above the union scale; your hours are the shortest; there is no Sunday night shift; you have at your pleasure a gymnasium and a swimming pool; you are each of you given a week's vacation in the summer on full pay, a thing no other concern of the kind in the state does; all the machinery is flawless, minimizing your chances of danger; in fact, you draw your fifty-two weeks in the year in the squarest shop in the world. If any man wishes to deny these things, let him stand forth."

But their was neither sound nor movement from the men.

Bennington continued. "Men, you have no grievance. This man Chittenden, the alleged cause of your striking, takes no food or pay from your mouths or your pockets; he interferes with you in no manner whatever. The contrivance he is trying to complete will not limit the output, but will triple it, necessitating the employment of more men. But your leader says that the present output is wholly sufficient, and you are taking his word for it. Mr. Chittenden represents progress, but you have taken it into your heads that you will have none of it. He refuses to join the union, and I refuse to discharge him on that ground. I do not say that this shall not be a union shop; I say that I shall employ whom I will for any purpose I see fit. It is your say, so say it; yours is the power; use it. . . . Patience, just a little longer. I have shown much of it during the past year."

The men swayed restlessly, and then became still again when they saw that he was going to read something.

"I have here the last letter my father ever wrote me. As I received it after his death, I might say that it is a voice from the grave. I will read that part which affects the shops.

"'And so, my son, I leave you this last request. Day after day, year after year, I have toiled honestly, with the will and the foresight God gave me. I die prosperous and contented, having acquired my riches without ill to any man and without obligation. I have never wronged any man, though often the power to do so has been in my hands. But reason always cools hot blood, and I have always kept a strong curb on all my angry impulses. Some day the men will strike again, what about I know not; but this I do know: it will be without justice. I have bent to them nine out of ten times. Nine of their demands were not wholly unreasonable, but the tenth was. And this demand was that I should have no non-union men in the shops. This strike lasted four months. You will recall it. I do not know how long it might have gone on, had not the poor devil, who was the cause of it, died. I and the men came together again. We patched up our differences, covertly, so to speak. The men appeared at the gates one morning, and I let them in without referring by a single word to what had taken place. The principle of unionism is a noble thing, but ignoble men, like rust in girders, gnaw rapidly into principles and quickly and treacherously nullify their good.

"'The destroyer is everywhere. The apple has its worm, the rose its canker, the steel its rust. It is the ignorant and envious man who misuses power that, rightly directed, moves toward the emancipation of the human race. There are cruel and grasping and dishonest employers, who grind the heart and soul out of men. The banding together of the laboring men was done in self-defense; it was a case of survive or perish. The man who inaugurated unionism was a great philanthropist. The unions began well; that is because their leaders were honest, and because there was no wolf in the fold to recognize the extent of power. It was an ignorant man who first discovered it, and for the most part ignorance still wears the crown and holds the scepter. The men who put themselves under the guidance of a dishonest labor leader are much to be pitied. The individual laboring man always had my right hand, but I have never had any particular reason to admire the union leader.

"'There were 212 strikes last year, of which only six had cause. The others were brought about by politicians and greedy unions. Dishonesty finds the line of least resistance in greed. Now, I have studied the strike problem from beginning to end. There can be no strike at the Bennington shops for a just cause. Had I lived long enough, the shops would have been open-shop. My son, never surrender once to injustice, for if you do you will establish a precedent, and you will go on surrendering to the end of time. I leave the shops to you. There is but one thing I demand, and that is that you shall never sell the shops; Bennington or nothing. If you have difficulties with the men, weigh them on the smallest scales You will be master there—you alone. It is a big responsibility, but I have the greatest confidence in you. When the time comes, show that you are master, even to the tearing down of every brick and stone that took me so long to erect. I shall be where such disasters will not worry me in the least.'"

Bennington refolded the letter slowly. The men stood absolutely motionless, waiting.

"Men, if you go out this day, not one of you will ever find employment here again. My sense of justice is large, and nothing but that shall dictate to me. I shall employ and discharge whom I will; no man or organization of men shall say to me that this or that shall be done here. I am master, but perhaps you will understand this too late. Stay or go; that is as you please. If you stay, nothing more will be said on my part; if you go. . . . Well, I shall tear down these wall and sell the machinery for scrap-iron."

For the first time he showed emotion. He brought his hands strongly together, as a man puts the final blow to the nail, then buttoned up his coat and stood erect, his chin aggressive and his mouth stern.

"Well, which is it to be?" he demanded.

"You are determined to keep Chittenden?"

"Positively determined."

"We'll go out, Mr. Bennington," said Shipley.

"And what's more," added Morrissy, "we'll see that nobody else comes in."

He lighted a cigar, shoved his hands into his trousers pockets and walked insolently toward the exit. The majority of the men were grinning. Tear down this place? Kill the goose that laid the golden egg? It was preposterous. Why, no man had ever done a thing like that. It was to cut off one's nose to spite one's face. It was a case of bluff, pure and simple. Winter was nearly three months off. By that time this smart young man would be brought to his senses. So they began filing out in twos and threes, their blouses and dinner-pails tucked under their arms. Many were whistling lightly, many were smoking their pipes, but there were some who passed forth silent and grave. If this young man was a chip of the old block, they had best start out at once in search of a new job.

Bennington jumped down from his impromptu platform and closed the ponderous doors. Then he hurried to the main office, where he notified the clerks what had happened. He returned to his private office. He arranged his papers methodically, closed the desk, and sat down. His gaze wandered to the blue hills and rolling pastures, and his eyes sparkled; but he forced back what had caused it, and presently his eyes became dry and hard.

"'You and your actress and her lover,'" he murmured softly. "My God, I am very unhappy!"

CHAPTER XV.

The anonymous letter is still being written. This is the weapon of the cowardly and envious heart, so filled with venom and malice that it has the courage or brazenness to go about piously proclaiming the word duty. Beware of the woman who has inkstains on her fingers and a duty to perform; beware of her also who never complains of the lack of time, but who is always harking on duty, duty. Some people live close to the blinds. Oft on a stilly night one hears the blinds rattle never so slightly. Is anything going on next door? Does a carriage stop across the way at 2 o'clock of a morning? Trust the woman behind the blinds to answer. Coming or going, little or nothing escapes this vigilant eye that has a retina not unlike that of a horse, since it magnifies the diameter of everything nine times. To hope for the worst and to find it, that is the golden text of the busybody. The busybody is always a prude; and prude signifies an evil-minded person who is virtuous bodily. They are never without ink or soft lead-pencils. Ink has accomplished more wonderful things than man can enumerate; though just now a dissertation on ink in ink is ill-timed.

To return again to the anonymous letter. Add and multiply the lives it has wrecked, the wars brought about. Menelaus, King of the Greeks, doubtless received one regarding Helen's fancy for that simpering son of Priam, Paris. The anonymous letter was in force even in that remote period, the age of myths. It is consistent, for nearly all anonymous letters are myths. A wife stays out late; her actions may be quite harmless, only indiscreet. There is, alack! always some intimate friend who sees, who dabbles her pen in the ink-well and labors over a backhand stroke. It is her bounden duty to inform the husband forthwith. The letter may wreck two lives, but what is this beside stern, implacable duty? When man writes an anonymous letter he is in want of a sensation. It is easy to reject a demand for money, but we accept the lie and wrap it to our bosoms, so quick are we to believe ill of those we love. This is an aspect of human nature that eludes analysis, as quicksilver eludes the pressure of the finger. The anonymous letter breeds suspicion; suspicion begets tragedy. The greatest tragedy is not that which kills, but that which prolongs mental agony. Honest men and women, so we are told, pay no attention to anonymous letters. They toss them into the wastebasket . . . and brood over them in silence.

Now, Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was always considering her duty; her duty to the church, to society, to charity, and, upon occasions, to her lord and master.

"Bennington's men have gone out, the fools!" said Haldene from over the top of his paper.

"Have they?" Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene nibbled the tip of her pen. She sighed, tore up what she had written and filtered it through her fingers into the waste-basket.

"Yes, they've gone out. I don't know what the business world is coming to. Why, the bricklayer gets—I don't say earns—more than the average clerk. And Bennington's men go out simply because he refuses to discharge that young English inventor. . . . What are you writing and tearing up so often?" he asked, his curiosity suddenly aroused.

"A letter."

"Thoughts clogged?"

"It is a difficult letter to write."

"Then there can't be any gossip in it."

"I never concern myself with gossip, Franklyn. I wish I could make you understand that."

"I wish you could, too." He laid his paper down. "Well, I'm off to the club, unless you are particularly in need of me."

"You are always going to the club."

"Or coming back."

"Some husbands—"

"Yes, I know. But the men I play poker with are too much interested in the draw to talk about other men's wives."

"It's the talk of the town the way you men play cards."

"Better the purse than the reputation."

"I haven't any doubt that you are doing your best to deplete both," coldly.

Then she sighed profoundly. This man was a great disappointment to her. He did not understand her at all. The truth was, if she but knew it, he understood her only too well. She had married the handsomest man in town because all the other belles had been after him; he had married money, after a fashion. Such mistakes are frequent rather than sigular these days. The two had nothing in common.

It is strange that persons never find this out till after the honeymoon. Truly, marriage is a voyage of discovery for which there are no relief expeditions.

So Haldene went to the club, while his wife squared another sheet of writing paper and began again. Half an hour went by before she completed her work with any degree of satisfaction. Even then she had some doubts. She then took a pair of shears and snipped the crest from the sheet and sealed it in a government envelope. Next she threw a light wrap over her shoulders and stole down to the first letter-box, where she deposited the trifle. The falling of the lid broke sharply on the still night. She returned to the house, feeling that a great responsibility had been shifted from hers to another's shoulders. Indeed, she would have gone to any lengths to save Patty a life of misery. And to think of that woman! To think of her assuming a quasi-leadership in society, as if she were to the manner born! The impudence of it all! Poor Mrs. Bennington, with her gray hairs; it would break her heart when she found out (as Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene determined she should) the sort of woman her son had married. She straightened her shoulders and pressed her lips firmly and contemplated a duty, painfully but rigorously performed. She cast the scraps of paper into the grate and applied a match. It is not always well that duty should leave any circumstantial evidence behind.

The evening papers devoted a good deal of space to the strike at the Bennington shops. They frankly upheld Bennington. They admitted that employers had some individual rights. They berated the men for quarreling over a matter so trivial as the employment of a single non-union man, who was, to say the most, merely an experimenter. However, they treated lightly Bennington's threat to demolish the shops. No man in his right mind would commit so childish an act. It would be revenge of a reactive order, fool matching fools, whereas Bennington ought to be more magnanimous. The labor unions called special meetings, and with one or two exceptions voted to stand by the action of the men.

(To Be Continued.)

ROUGH ON RATS

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UNBEATABLE EXTERMINATOR

THE OLD RELIABLE THAT NEVER FAILS

Being all poison, one 15c box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more rats and mice, and thousands of Roaches, Ants and Bed Bugs.

15c, 25c & 75c boxes at all druggists and country stores.

FREE Send for our comic postal cards and lithograph which have convulsed the world with laughter.

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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Welcome Recipe

FOR MANY MEN AND WOMEN, TOO.

This recipe can be filled at home, so that no one need know of another's troubles, as the ingredients can be obtained separately at any well stocked drug store. They are in regular use and many different prescriptions are constantly being filled with them.

This will prove a welcome bit of information for all those who are overworked, gloomy, despondent, nervous and have trembling limbs, heart palpitation, dizziness, cold extremities, insomnia, fear without cause, timidity in venturing, and general inability to act naturally and rationally as others do, because the treatment can be prepared secretly at home and taken without any one's knowledge.

Overworked office men and the many victims of society's late hours and dissipation will, it is said, find the restorative they are in need of.

If the reader decides to try it, get three ounces of ordinary syrup sarsaparilla compound and one ounce compound fluid balmwort; mix and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound essence cardiol and one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom), mix all together, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

A certain well-known medical expert asserts that thousands of men and many women are sufferers all because of dormant circulation of the blood and a consequential impairment of the nervous force, which begets the most dreadful symptoms and untold misery.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some one please tell me the best way to keep beef hams? Ought they be salted? I want to keep them from the present time until they are used.—H., Talbott, Tenn.

Will the Farmstead please give information whether the hickory can be budded or grafted; and if so, at what time should such work be done?—M., Caneyville, Ky.

My chickens have the roup. Will somebody please give me a remedy?—M., Wolf Run, W. Va.

If there is a sure cure for the heaves I would like to have one. Will some reader of the Farmstead columns please reply?—F., Monterey, Ind.

I am feeding my calves wheat bran and middlings and they have the scours. What's the remedy?—F., Crow Summit, W. Va.

I would like to have some information as to the value of coal soot as a fertilizer for garden or crops in general.—B., Summerville, Pa.

Will pork salted down freeze enough to hurt it if placed in an outbuilding over winter? Will it spoil when spring comes?—B., Mancelowa, Mich.

Will some Farmstead reader tell me if I can raise American sweet chestnuts in northern Indiana, in ground about half clay and sand?—K., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

APPLE TREES

Apple trees will do best on high rolling land where there are good air and water drainage. Soil drainage can be improved by tiling.

During the first four or five years all that should be expected of the trees is a strong, healthy and vigorous growth. If heavy early bearing is permitted the vitality of the tree is impaired and in some cases the trees die from exhaustion. Previous to setting the trees, plow and prepare the soil as for most field crops. A deep and thorough plowing where the roots of trees are to be placed is important to loosen up the soil for the new feeding roots. The soil can never be stirred deeply close to the trees after they have been set. The trees may be set either in the fall or sprin, but the fall is usually preferable. Use only very fine soil for filling about the roots and set the trees at least two rods apart, since a mature apple tree sends its roots long distances, and closer than this distance will mean a struggle for plant food and a consequent reduction of the fruit crop, with suffering for water in dry weather.

Before the young apple tree is set cut off all the roots to within six or seven inches of the trunk and reduce the top in like proportion. The advantage of root pruning, especially when the trees are set in the fall, is that a callous forms at each cut, from which many new feeding roots grow. The more new feeding roots that can be induced to grow the more chances the young tree will have for living and making a vigorous growth the first year.

Do not set out an apple orchard for a pasture. Grass is a better and cheaper forage crop. Keep all live stock away from the trees and do not allow the trees to become skinned or mutilated by the cultivator or other farm tools. It is best to cultivate the young orchard yourself and not trust the work to the hired hand or other disinterested parties.

The young apple orchard should be well cultivated for the first few years at least. If the land is very hilly and inclined to wash, the area may be seeded to grass and the grass cut annually and used as a mulch to hold moisture for the trees and to feed them. Do not pasture the hilly orchard simply because it is in grass, but mow the grass and let it rot upon the soil. This will supply humus, which will hold moisture in dry weather and aid in a general way in fruit production.

FREE ALCOHOL'S HANDICAP

In the fulness of time the people of this country will probably become adjusted to the manufacture and profitable use of the denaturized alcohol though thus far their progress toward that desired industrial goal has been regrettably slow. The Minneapolis Farm, Stock and Home, an agricultural paper, challenges a statement going the rounds of the press that farmers show no disposition to buy stills and that the law is a failure. It declares that farmers in that section have been not only willing but eager to buy stills and for three years have been importuning manufacturers to supply their needs, either for farm or co-operative neighborhood purposes. But one reason why cheap stills have not been made has been a $20 tax, under an old revenue law, on every still or worm sold. This does not amount to much on the large and high-priced stills, but interferes with the profitable manufacture of those under hundred dollars. Professor Snyder, of the Minnesota school of agriculture, has found that beets as an ordinary root crop, grown at a cost of $5 or $6, and yielding, at a conservative estimate, 15 tons to the acre, would make 300 gallons of alcohol, which, at 10 cents a gallon, would be a good return on the land. Soft corn, damaged wheat, windfall apples and other waste products of the farm would also possess a value that is now lacking. "In no country can it be made cheaper than in this one, and in no other country should it be so extensively used," said the journal from which we have quoted.—Boston Transcript.

CANADA THISTLE

The Canada thistle is a biennial plant; that is, two years are required for its round of life. The first season it comes up from seed and grows as a low plant with a circle of leaves in a rosette, from near the ground. In this state it remains alone over winter and the following spring begins vigorous growth and sends up a strong central stalk, at the top of which blossoms and seeds are born. At the maturity of the seeds the plant permanently dies, but the seeds it produces are scattered to the four quarters of the earth for the beginning of more thistles.

The only effective way of eradicating the Canada thistle is to keep it cut down to the ground during the second year's growth, so that it cannot send up a flower stalk to produce blossoms and seed. Where there are only a few on the farm this can be done with little effort, but where they are very numerous in a field it should be planted to a cultivated crop and given the most thorough cultivation with the hoe extra if necessary, so that not a single plant remains alive to mature a growing season, for one plant will seed a whole farm.

It must be remembered, however, that when you have killed every plant on your farm you may find a thousand growing in fields the following year. If your neighbor allows any to go to seed the seed will be scattered far and wide by the wind. All neighbors should combine in fighting them.

The Canada thistle is a greater pest in some sections than in others, for the reason that it is better adapted to certain soils and climates than to others. In the latitude of Illinois it is reasonably easy to control and is never a serious pest.

PIGS AND HOGS

In the fall of the year, and often through the winter, when the new corn crop comes on for feeding, all pigs and hogs on the farm are allowed to be fed together. This is bad practice from several points of view, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean and Farmer.

One serious objection to allowing pigs and more mature hogs to run together is that the pigs are crowded away from their feed. This crowding away of the last fall and winter's pig from a certain litter got into a pen with hogs being fed for market, and after two months of this confinement and crowding it was only half as large as the other members of the litter, which had been allowed more freedom and had been fed by themselves. The pig became stunted in growth and never afterwards made profitable gains from the feed given it.

Another objection to keeping pigs with older hogs and fattening stock is that the ration for fattening stock is not suited to the growing needs of young pigs. On most farms hogs are finished on an exclusive corn diet. Pigs fed on corn alone cannot be expected to grow and be healthy, although they might become fat. They should be fed on skim milk and slops containing a fair proportion of nitrogenous substances in the form of shorts, tankage and like feeds. If these soft feeds were given to a mixed herd of hogs the older ones will not only crowd the pigs away, preventing them from getting their share, but many of the pigs would be injured in the crowding.

Young pigs should be allowed as much freedom as possible to roam where they will do no damage. The exercise helps to develop physical stamina and general health. Crowded in a restricted lot or pen with fattening hogs, they are prohibited from taking sufficient exercise, are kept from securing sufficient feed, and, mixed with the others, they are more subject to disease and injury. It requires some more space, shelter and labor to keep hogs of different ages in separate inclosures, but the good results will fully justify the expenditure of the extra labor and means. When many of any one kind of animals are kept on the farm the more they can be segregated the healthier they will be and the better gains they will make on their feeds. The "colony plan" on the pig and hog farm is a good one. Cholera among hogs and cholera among poultry is less liable to break out and spread, and is more easy to handle, with a few animals in each of a number of lots than with many animals in a single lot.

SAWDUST ROADS

Making good roads with sawdust is being practiced in a number of localities in the south. Two ridges of earth are thrown up (a road machine being required to do the work) at a certain width from each other, the space between being filled with a six inch bed of sawdust. Dirt is then mixed in the sawdust, and it is claimed that heavily loaded vehicles in passing over this kind of a road make no impression upon it. It is estimated that the cost of building is about $200 per mile. Some of these roads have lasted 25 years in Georgia and are still in good condition.

PLANTING TREES

Recently there have been examples of the good effects of planting trees and shrubs when in full leaf noticed by the writer which are worth mention, says Joseph Meehan, in the Florists' Exchange, for it is not well known that under the treatment before described—the pouring in of lots of water—trees in full leaf may be moved with safety. The time, early June, when the trees were in full leaf. Some grading operations were unfinished earlier, and when completed it was greatly desired that the large sugar maples should be planted. The trees were about 15 feet high and three inches in diameter of trunk. Holes were prepared in advance, so that there would be no delay in setting the trees as soon as they were received. The trees were dug carefully, and within an hour were set in their new positions. The usual course of planting had been followed so far, excepting that no foliage whatever had been taken from the trees. As soon as set in their holes enough fine soil was thrown around them to well cover all the roots, and this was well worked in and pounded down until the holes were two-thirds filled in. Then water was poured in to fill the holes to the top, and a man was stationed nearby to fill up the holes with water as fast as it soaked away. It was afternoon, and the refilling with water was kept up until sunset. The next morning more water was poured in, and some half-dozen other fillings given through the day; and this work, though decreasing from day to day, was continued for a week, at the end of which time it was discontinued, and the holes filled up level with soil. Beyond a dishevled appearance of the large head of foliage there was nothing to indicate that the trees had been removed; and at this writing, three weeks after the operation, the trees appear just as they would had they been growing where they are for a year.

It is the water that does it. It is impossible for the foliage to wilt, as much so as it would be for a branch placed in a tub of water, and in the meantime new fibers are forming, and the soil has been solidified all around every root of the tree; and no matter when in the summer such work is done the same kind of process insures life.

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS

The breed of chickens one keeps is a matter of personal choice, for any of the standard breeds well cared for will return good profits. Among the American breeds, usually termed general purpose fowls, the barred Plymouth rocks are very popular.

The barred Plymouth rock chicken has many good qualities for making it an ideal farm fowl. It is a fairly good layer and the eggs are large and of a beautiful light brown color. Individual members of this breed, under expert care at the Maine experiment station, have beat the world's record for egg laying. The hens are excellent sitters and good mothers. Young barred Plymouth rock chicks develop rapidly, mature early, are of beautiful appearance; their meat is of the finest texture and flavor and they command the highest price on the market for broilers and roasters. Capons of the breed are unexcelled and are preferred on some markets to all other breeds. Cockerels from 10 to 12 months old are of fine flavor and make excellent roasters. Both sexes weigh heavy for their size, hence the breed is one of the best market fowls. The breed is popular among fanciers and eggs and stock of high scoring birds bring high prices for breeding purposes.

All of the rocks fatten on fat readily when given fat forming feeds, which makes them ideal for market purposes, but hens for laying should be given plenty of range and their grain feed should be scattered in litter to induce them to exercise for the promotion of egg laying.

LIFTING GRAPEVINES

The best time to lift old grapevines for transplanting is in the late fall or early winter, while the vines are in dormant condition. The work must not be delayed till late winter or early spring, as the necessary cutting back of the branches is very likely to cause the plant to bleed or lose sap at the fresh cuts.

In lifting and transplanting old grapevines dig up the plant with a ball of earth holding the roots together two or three feet in diameter. Start to dig well out from the base of the vine and pry the root mass up in one solid piece. If the ball of earth holding the roots together has a tendency to fall apart it may be bound together with canvas or old grain bags. The more fine roots that can be taken up and preserved from exposure the better chances there will be for the vine living. If the work of lifting can be done when the soil is frozen from six inches to a foot deep nearly all of the small roots can be secured unharmed.

Have the new hole for the reception of the vine prepared beforehand and fertilized at the bottom with well decomposed stable manure. Old shoes or old leather makes a good fertilizer for grapevines. Place the vine in the hole and fill the sifting soil mass in the new hole and fill about with as fine soil as can be secured, pressing down firmly as in the planting of ordinary vines for the first time. When old grapevines are lifted and moved they should be trimmed back severely, and no fruit need be expected the following season, owing to the shock of transplanting, but after the vine begins new growth and becomes re-established good results will follow.

BORDEAUX MIXTURE

It should be remembered that in the combination of lime and copper sulphate chemical reactions occur, and that these reactions take place in a manner to give best results only when the ingredients are combined in certain definite proportions, hence adherence to these proportions, which are expressed in the formulas cannot be too strongly urged.

For the proper making of Bordeaux mixture, certain essentials in the way of barrels or tanks and necessary tools should be provided beforehand. The kind of equipment will depend on the extent of the spraying operations in prospect. For the small home orchard, requiring only small quantities of the mixture, a few oil barrels as containers and a small slacking box will seve every purpose; for the large commercial orchard, where spraying is done from one or more 200 gallon tanks every device that will diminish the labor and save waste of time should be employed. Here the elevated platform, so located with reference to a pond or well that water can be pumped direct to the diluting tubs, is an essential feature. This platform should have two parts, one higher than the other; on the lower part is supported a receiving or mixing tank of somewhat greater capacity than the spray tank, at such a distance above the ground as will allow delivery of the mixture, by gravity, to the top of the spray tank driven underneath. The upper platform should be large enough to accommodate two barrels for stock solutions and a slacking box and still leave room for convenient operation of the pump. It should be elevated above the lower platform to such height that the diluting tubs can be adjusted to deliver the solutions together through a strainer into the receiving tank.

Stock solutions of copper sulphate and lime should be prepared in advance. Fill an oil barrel with 50 gallons of water, then suspend in the water a coarse sack containing 50 pounds of copper sulphate. This gives a solution of definite strength—one pound to the gallon. The quantity of copper sulphate can be doubled if desired, giving a solution of two pounds to the gallon; however, one pound to the gallon is the one most frequently used. Solutions thus made will keep indefinitely if protected so that the water will not evaporate. The amount prepared should be adjusted to the extent of the operations. In like manner prepare milk of lime, which shall contain a definite weight of lime to each gallon of water. Where 50 or more pounds of lime are to be slacked at one time the shallow box is to be preferred to the barrel, because it affords better opportunity to control the slacking. The success of the mixture depends in great part on the manner in which the lime is slacked. The two common faults observed in practice are the addition of too little water, which results in too much heat and the burning of the lime. In this case there are many small lumps which do not slack and will be thrown out when the lime is strained into the tank. The second fault is the addition of too large amount of water, resulting in drowning the lime. This, likewise, results in incomplete slacking, and, therefore, a reduction in the actual amount of lime added to the mixture. In some cases where the lime is neither perfectly fresh nor of great purity these losses may so reduce the amount that the copper is not all precipitated, and serious results follow. Lime, during the process of slacking, should have constant attention; water should be added in small amounts as needed to keep the action even and to insure that perfect slacking which can be obtained in no other way. It is best to slack a definite number of pounds, and when thoroughly slacked transfer to a barrel containing such amount of water as, added to the quantity used in slacking, will give a milk containing a definite quantity to the gallon.

The dilution tubs should each have a capacity in excess of 100 gallons. We will suppose that the standard 4-4-50 formula is to be used and that the mixture is to be made in lots of 200 gallons. In one dilution tub place 16 gallons of stock solution of copper sulphate, made up one pound to the gallon, then add 84 gallons of water. The first lot should be carefully measured and the height at which it stands in the tub marked, so that in filling for succeeding mixtures it is only necessary to fill to the mark. Thoroughly agitate the milk of lime, and, if it has been made up one pound to the gallon, transfer 16 gallons to the other tub and fill up with water in like amount as for the copper sulphate solution. We now have 100 gallons of copper sulphate solution and an equal quantity of milk of lime. This is on the plan of full dilution before mixing, which has been shown by experience to possess advantages over other ways of mixing. By this method of equal and full dilution before mixing, the chemical action between the copper sulphate and lime appears to take place quicker and more completely than by other methods. The resulting mixture settles less rapidly, is less frequently injurious and attains a maximum adhesiveness.

A FOOD DRINK

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a stimulant like coffee.

"I began to use Postum 8 years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long, weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day.

"On advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it, as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look like a new saddle.

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet being a constant user of it all these years.

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like Postum in place of coffee, and receive benefit from it s use. I have gained weight, can sleep, and am not nervous."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

St. Paul Man Needlework Champion.

Minneapolis Journal.

Charles C. Olsen, of Charles street, St. Paul, is the needlework champion at the state fair this year, for he was awarded first honors for a framed embroidery picture, an eagle perched on two American flags, exquisitely done even to the heavy padding of cotton under the bird, which gives it lifelike contour.

The entire design is in the filo silk and is worked solidly. Each section of the bird is outlined in gold thread and "E Pluribus" is heavily embroidered in gold.

Mr. Olsen is not the only man who has entered needlework for competition. The exhibit shows the work of 10 men, and the public interested in fancy work recognizes with pleasure centerpieces and pillow designs which it has admired at former f

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4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for $3.20

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

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TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TO-DAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

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The best Rye Whiskeys in the world are made in the Monongahela valley, Pittsburg district of Pennsylvania, where Eleda is made.

This whiskey is absolutely pure, fine and wholesome, and we offer you this Whiskey on trial at a less price than you can buy equal quality whiskey anywhere, because we save you the enormous dealers' profits.

Send us $3.00 and we will ship you in a plain case with no marks to show contents, four full quarts of ELEDA PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY, express prepaid. Try it, let your friends sample it, have your doctor test it, and if you don't find it just as we claim and perfectly satisfactory in every way, ship it back to us at our expense. We stand all the expenses, even the whiskey you sample. Send us a trial order today—NOW—and get a finer, richer and more palatable whiskey than you have ever tasted.

Orders for Ark., Cal., Colo., Fla., Ida., Miss., Minn., Mont., Nev., N. Mex., N. D., Okla., Ore., S. D., Tex., Utah, Wash., or Wyo. must call for 20 quarts or more by Freight Prepaid.

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OUR REFERENCES—Any Bank or Express Company in Pittsburg.

LOCKJAW REPORTED CURED BY BOILED CHLOROFORM

Detroit, Nov. 12.—A chemical mixture of chloroform and acetone, according to Prof. Willard Hunter Hutchings, of this city, has been demonstrated to possess the power of curing tetanus—lockjaw—by controlling the muscular manifestations of the disease. He has thus treated six cases that were referred to him, he announces, and has had five recoveries.

Chloretone is the chemical name of the mixture used by Dr. Hutchings. It is made by taking equal parts of chloroform and acetone and putting them in a test tube, where they are boiled for a minute or two. Then sodium hydroxide is added in order to precipitate the chloretone. The chloretone requires some little purification before it is ready for use. Acetone is a light, inflammable liquid.

Prof. Hutchings says chloretone has no effect on the tetanus toxin circulating in the blood, nor does it break up the combination between the nerve cells and the tetanus poison or toxin. Its use, he says, is harmless. There has been no fatality following its use. It lowers the temperature and has a slight diuretic action. Dr. Theodore A. McGraw says that in one of the cases of lockjaw treated by Dr. Hutchings extreme care had been used in thoroughly disinfecting the wound. Not only that, but when the wound was opened, subsequent to the disinfection and prior to the transfer of the patient to the care of Dr. Hutchings, everything was found aseptic, with no sign of dirt or inflammation. Nevertheless, tetanus developed.

Chloretone is welcomed here by hospital experts as an improvement on chloral, which has long been sed in the treatment of tetanus, but with uncertain results. Some patients have been cured but many have been lost under the chloral treatment, even when the nerve-deadening bromides were also used.

It is the belief of surgeons here and elsewhere, based on their experience, that the tetanus antitoxin so extensively used in New York and the other cities in the last two years will prevent the onset of the disease—acting like vaccination in that respect—but it will not stop or cure the disease after it has once started.

The general belief of surgeons is now, also, that tetanus may develop in a wound no matter how promptly or thoroughly the wound may be treated with carbolic or other antiseptics. Indeed, carbolic is by many surgeons regarded as being about as good a preventive as the antitoxin—as witness the experience in the World's Columbian exposition in Chicago, where, according to Dr. John E. Owens, several hundred cases of nail wounds of the hands and feet were treated with a 95 per cent carbolic acid solution and covered with an ordinary surgical dressing. Not a single case of tetanus developed.

Tuberculosis Book FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

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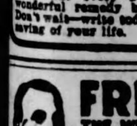

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TOXO-ABSOBENT CO., 2 Church St., Rochester, N. Y.

Collectors of Naturalists' Specimens.

The Zoologist.

Students of the crustacea often find the cod a useful assistant collector. Thus the circular crab seems to be a favorite food of cods and rays, and it was chiefly from the stomachs of these fish that some of the older naturalists obtained specimens.

Another hunting ground of the naturalist is the sailing ship which has been in foreign ports. In this way Dr. Clark has been able to add a tiny Chilean crab to the Cornish crustacea.

It was obtained by Vallentin on the sides of a bark from Patagonia in a coating of seaweed and barnacles.

The crab itself may become a collector of specimens, for the zoologist, for it is often covered with various species of sponges, hydroids and bryozoa. Sometimes the species found thus are such as are not easily obtainable otherwise. One species of crab, indeed, (maia squinado), is regarded in Cornwall as the provider of material for the naturalist.

Peddler to Peach King.

Bookkeeper.

Down in the state of Georgia they have peach orchards where one can walk a mile in a straight line and not get beyond the end of a row of peach trees. After the civil war any one could go through the same country and see nothing but cornfields. Now, more peaches are produced on the Georgia soil than in any other portion of the United States, with the possible exception of California. This revolution in horticulture was brought about by a Connecticut Yankee, J. H. Hale as a boy began his start in life carrying fruit and truck in baskets to Hartford, Conn., and selling it from house to house. He finally accumulated enough money to plant a little orchard of his own in the suburbs of Hartford on ground that people said was unfit for any crop. Hale thought differently, and when his orchard grew from an acre to over a hundred acres and his income from the peaches to thousands of dollars a year, they realized that they had been mistaken.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

THE ESKIMOS

Will you please give an account of the people who live in the far north called the Eskimos?—W. B. K., Schell City, Mo.

The Eskimos are inhabitants of the Arctic regions. They were formerly classed among the people of Mongolian stock, but now they are considered related to the Americans Indians. They are almost as tall as the average Indian. They have small hands and feet, oval faces, but rather broad in the lower part; their skin is only slightly brown, and they have coarse black hair and very little beard. The Eskimos are divided into tribes, each with their separate territories. The tribe again is divided into groups constituting the inhabitants of the different watering places. Finally in the same station, the inhabitants of the same house are closely united with regard to common housekeeping. The inhabitants of Danish West Greenland, the greater part of the Labradorians, and the southern Alaska Eskimos are Christians. The religion of the rest is called Shamanism. The Eskimos were formerly thought to have come from Asia, but now it is believed by some that they came from the interior of America and followed the river courses to the Arctic sea where they now live.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Will the Question Bureau please give a biography of the life of Stephen C. Foster, the song writer?—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

On July 4, 1826, Stephen Collins Foster first saw light of day. He was born the son of a prosperous merchant who was able to give him a good education in the public schools and one of the colleges of Pennsylvania. He still studied after leaving college by taking lessons at home which included music and drawing. Having a musical inclination he learned to play on several instruments, but though his friends advised him to cultivate his musical talent, he at first refused, thinking it might harm his originality. When he found that it would better it, he devoted several years in studying the pianoforte and the voice.

When he was only seventeen years old, Foster composed his first song, which was favorably received. His third song was submitted to a minstrel troupe, and its popularity was so great that it carried his fame far and wide. In 1854 Foster married Jennie McDowell and removed to New York, where he supplied his publishers with one song after the other. Many of them were negro songs which have become favorites among the youths of the present generation. One company of minstrels gave him $500 for the sole use of the song entitled, "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." Besides receiving the large royalties from this song, noted opera singers such as Jennie Lind used it in their encores. Foster wrote a total of about 150 songs, one-fourth of which were negro ditties.

All of Foster's songs display refinement, and his negro songs are free from coarseness and buffoonery. The fact that he attended many negro camp meetings accounts for his writing of songs with such peculiar negro flavor. His range of invention was limited, his harmonies simple, the accompaniments easy; the voice part ranged within limited compass. After the decline of Foster's popularity he gave way to irregular habits. His publishers did not, as some claim, treat him selfishly. During the last years of his sad life, his songs took on a more devotional character, and breathed more of home and love.

In person Foster was slight, a little below the medium height with a timid expression of countenance, soft brown eyes, and lofty forehead. His life is in some ways similar to that of Edgar Allan Poe, who was, like Foster, a genius of whom America may be proud, but to whom the world made a sorry return while living. January 13, 1864, saw the death of this composer. He was a penniless wanderer alone in the city of New York.

THE MISTLETOE

Please give some of the uses of the mistletoe and tell where it grows.—G. R. E., Trenton, N. J.

The mistletoe is a shrub of the evergreen pine and comprises some thirty different kinds. The mistletoe is succulent when young, but becomes woody when old; its branches are frequently forked and form together, making immense tufts, from 1 to 2 feet in diameter, and attaches to the trees by the thickened masses of its stem. The branches break easily at the joints, at each part of which is born a pair of leaves. The mistletoe extends from Sweden in the Mediterranean sea and is very common in the southern and western portions of England, where it grows upon a great variety of trees. It is supposed to be disseminated by birds, which feeding upon the berries, wipe the juice from their bills upon the boughs and limbs of other trees and soon the mistletoe appears. The superstitions and legends connected with the mistletoe are numerous. It was held in high veneration by the ancient Britons and its collection by the Druids was attended with solemnity. It was cut on the sixth day after the new moon, the king, or other high functionary, using a golden sickle. The plant was distributed among the fortunate, who preserved it to drive away distress and every other evil. In England it is much used at Christmas time and if a gentleman discovers a lady beneath the "Mistletoe bough" he has the right to kiss her. This is a very old custom which descended from feudal times but its real origin and significance is lost. Within recent times it has been regarded as a valuable remedy for epilepsy, but at present is not employed. The chief use at present writing is for holiday decorations, for which purpose it is frequently brought to this country.

BESSEMER STEEL

Describe the process of the manufacture of Bessemer steel.—O. Z. F., Haven, Kan.

In 1855 Henry Bessemer patented a process of blowing air or steam through molten pig iron in crucibles until the metal was decarburized to any desired extent. At this time he discovered that while steam cooled the metal, air increased the heat from red to white. A patent in December of the same year specified a circular, or elliptical vessel, provided with a refractory lining and hung on trunions, which could be filled or emptied by means of a lipped opening. In this patent the essential features of the process were fully developed. A patent in February 12, 1856, indicated that the heat developed in the process was sufficient without the additional use of fuel, and that, according to the duration of the blowing, soft iron or steel could be made. In 1856 Bessemer read a paper before the British association at Cheltenham on the "Manufacture of steel and iron without fuel," which created an intense interest. But the subsequent trials did not yield uniformly satisfactory results, and except in the inventor the process was abandoned. Patient and careful experiments showed that not all pig iron was adapted to the process; that sulphur and phosphorus were not eliminated and consequently pig irons containing a notable proportion of these substances could not be utilized. Again the interruption of the process at the point of decarburization desired was found to be impracticable, owing to a lack of trustworthy indications. Further it was found that the process was not adapted for making the finer and harder steels, but had its chief application in the production of low steel or soft iron. The absorption of oxygen, and the consequent redshortness of the metal when the pig iron was blown to nearly complete decarburization was overcome by the introduction of spiegeleisen, a white pig iron containing from 7 to 12 per cent of manganese. This was a suggestion of Robert Mushet, and to it the practical success of the Bessemer process is due. After conquering all the obstacles to success, Bessemer did not find a ready acceptance of his process owing to the mistrust caused by his former failures. He, therefore, in 1859, started a small furnace in Sheffield on his own account. His success led to a general adoption of his process throughout the entire civilized world, but more particularly in Sweden, where the pure ores and fuel furnished a pig iron admirably adapted to the work. In 1867 there were in England 52 Bessemer converters, in Prussia 22, in France 12, in Austria 14, in Sweden 15, in Belgium 2. In 1873 Germany alone had 70 and the number had raised in England to 105. The process as it is now used consists, first in melting the pig iron; second transferring the molten metal to the converter, where it is subjected to the action of the blast of air; third, pouring the finished product into a ladle; fourth, pouring the ladle into the mold. The metal when solid, but when still hot, is taken from the molds and worked by rolling or hammering into desired shapes. Pig iron is sometimes used direct from the blast furnaces, but remelting is generally found to be advantageous. The furnaces now used for this purpose are generally cupolas, which melt quicker and are more economical, although a direct contact of the metal with the fuel may cause a deterioration of the iron if the fuel is impure. The reverbatory furnace is not open to this objection, but the pig iron may here suffer a loss of loss of silicon and manganese, owing to oxidizing atmosphere. The molten metal of either run in troughs or directly from the furnace to the converter. The converter is a pear-shaped vessel, sometimes called a retort, and consists of an iron mouth, lined with refractory silicon material.

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Will you please tell of the attempts to discover the northwest passage, and the name of the navigator who finally discovered it?—C. H. C., Fonda, N. Y.

Sir Robert McClure was the first one to successfully complete the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Arctic seas. On his trip the ship was abandoned and the journey had to be completed partly on ice and partly on a relieving vessel. Sometimes the honor of first making this passage is given to Sir John Franklin. Peary also made attempts to find the passage.

TOBACCO

Please give an account of the discovery and the use of tobacco.—G. T., Beard, Ky.

Tobacco (Nicotiana tobacum) commemorates the name Jean Nicot, a French embassador to Portugal, who, in 1560, sent the seeds from Lisbon to France, as those of a highly valuable medicinal plant which was then known throughout Portugal, having been introduced in 1520. The native name comes from tabago, or tobacco, the term in Santa Domingo for the tube or pipe through which the smoke of the leaves or sternutatory was inhaled. There are about fifty species of American tobacco. Tobacco is largely produced in China, Japan, Persia and other parts of the east. The influence of climate on plants is shown by its cultivation in the United States. It is grown from the borders of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and almost from ocean to ocean, and some states produce a leaf of such a distinct quality that good judges can very frequently tell the state the leaf grew in by examining it. The first European culture of tobacco took place in Portugal in the early part of the sixteenth century; it was raised in France in 1752. Its production in England in 1680 was restricted by law to a small quantity for medical purposes, and in many countries it was made a great source of revenue. The earliest Virginia settlers engaged in the cultivation of tobacco, as it was a sale commodity in England, but in 1616, when the colony numbered only 351 persons, provision was made against the neglect of food crops in its favor. There is a prohibition against its cultivation in England today, for any except medicinal purposes. The tobacco is prepared for chewing or smoking in pipes, and snuffs are made from it, and are used by those who would not use tobacco as well as those who do. Its physiological action is opposite to strychnine, and is sometimes used as an antidote. It is recommended for neuralgia and gout, and toothache is frequently relieved by smoking a cigar. The application of the infusion, or of the leaves, or powdered stems to the face when deprived of skin, has often proved fatal. The powerful nauseating effect suggests its use for an emetic, but it is seldom used. The best medical authorities in the world are divided as to beneficial or harmful effects. Efforts have been made to show that its effects lessen mental vigor, but it would be hard to prove this, as so many examples are known where men and women have lived to ripe old age, who were habitual smokers all their lives. In Spain and Spanish American countries women smoke to as great an extent as men. Some physicians claim that continued smoking will lead to blindness; but this, like many other objections, has as much against as for it.

THE SARAGASSO SEA

Will you please give a description of the Saragasso sea of the northern Atlantic ocean?—I. X. L., White Pine, W. Va.

The Saragasso sea corresponds to the great center or eddy of the North Atlantic system of currents, of which the gulf stream forms so important a part. The botanical name of the gulf weed is Sargassum bacciferum. It is, generally found in sprigs a few inches long, with a main stem branching into secondary ones; the main stem has frequently a decaying end, while the others give rise to fresh growing leaves; but there is never any trace of root or place of attachment. Between the leaves which are elongated and sharply serrate, small round air vessels, the size of currants, are supported on short peduncles. These air vessels or floats are vulgarity taken for the seeds or fruits.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. W. S., Cochranton, Pa.: The principal of the national debt of the United States, up to November 1, 1908, was $2,637,973,747.04.

M. L. H., Weston, W. Va.: In the year 1899 the acreage of the wheat crop of New Mexico was 87,907, and the yield 603,303 bushels.

W. F. N., Plains, Kan.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for what you want.

P. T. H., Wyalusing, Pa.: We do not know the name of the president of Haiti, but his term of office is seven years.

R. E. W., Logansport, Ind.: We have no way of ascertaining the answer to your question.

H. P., Dewmaine, Ill.: No Chinese are allowed to come to this country to take up their residence, but Japanese are still admitted.

B. M. H., Milan, Mich.: The Pittsburg club of the National league won the world's baseball championship. The Detroits won the American league pennant.

O. V., Belding, Mich.: The Bureau advises you to consult an attorney.

N. R., Oceana, W. Va.: Both a man and a woman must be 21 years of age before they can marry without their parents' consent in the state of Virginia.

DEEP-SEATED COUGH

CURED IN 5 HOURS.

New Home-Made Syrup.

(Cut this out.)

From Boston Press.

Progress in medical compounds never ceases, and now it is stated by a prominent medical man that any deep-seated cough or cold on the lungs can be actually cured in five hours by the clock. Opium and morphine have been resorted to in the past, as relief measures. But now it is learned that the system must be treated to rid it of inflammation and congestion. A tonic laxative cough syrup does the work so quickly and thoroughly as to be almost magical. What heretofore has taken weeks to cure can be accomplished in hours. Get this formula filled or mix it at home and always keep it on hand: One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol, and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then take one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day until the system is purified and toned up. Give children less, according to age. One filling will usually cure a whole family, as the dose is small.

TREASURE OF THE ZUYDER

How Gold and Silver Lost in Sea Will Be Searched For.

London Globe.

The Dutch await with curiosity the results of a work undertaken in the Zuyder Zee. On October 9, 1799, the English ship of war Lutin sank in Dutch waters, carrying with it to the bottom 30,000,000 of gold and silver in bars that the British cabinet was sending to Hamburg to help at a financial crisis in the Hanse towns. The cargo, insured for nearly 25,000,000, was entirely lost.

The Dutch government, urged by France, tried to recover the wreck, but a violent storm covered the ship with such a thickness of sand that it had to be given up. After the restoration of European peace the king of Holland abandoned his rights to his English colleague, who ceded them to the company of Lloyd.

The company made a new attempt in 1820 and its efforts were not unsuccessful, for they drew from the ship 198 bars of silver and 1,200 ingots of gold, a total value of $2,900,000. Probably francs are meant.

The company of the Lloyd has entered into a contract with another society which today undertakes the work with the help of a new apparatus invented by an engineer named Lake. This apparatus is composed of a floating bridge, at the keel of which are fixed the instruments for diving. They consist of a number of pipes which can pump up in 24 hours 40,000 tons of sand. At the extremity of these pipes one finds the room of the divers, all bulk of metal. This chamber rests on indented wheels placed in action by a motor of a particular system, in such a manner that the divers can remove their room like a carriage, and roll it at the bottom of the sea, which makes the work easier and quicker.

The Making of Man.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire and the falling of tears;
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and birth.
And wrought with weeping and laughter
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day, and a night, and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south,
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.

His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blank desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The Delirious Kind.

H. K. Adair, a western detective, was being complimented in Grand Rapids, says the New York Tribune, about an absconding banker he had run to earth.

"Oh, the man gave himself away," said Mr. Adair. "He shied too much. Everything seemed, in his morbid mind, to point suspicions at him. He was like the old 'widdy' woman.

"An old 'widdy' woman went to an undertaker's to order a coffin for her deceased husband.

"'He was very, very, very good to me,' she said, 'and I'll have a coffin of the best yellow pine.'

"'Yes, madam. That'll be $14,' said the undertaker. 'And what kind of trimmings will you have on the coffin?'

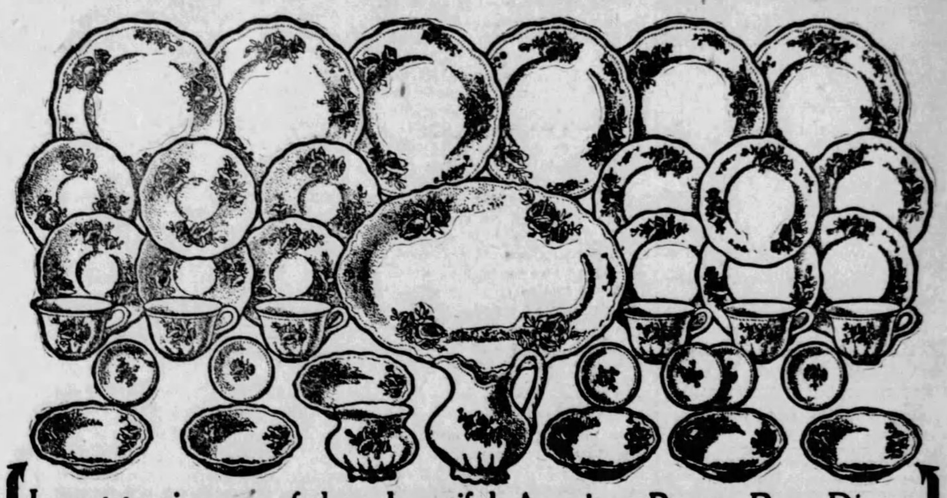
"'Trimmin's!' cried the 'widdy' woman. 'And right well ye know, ye spalpeen, that I'll have no trimmin's at all, when it was trimmin's that the poor lad died of, bad luck to 'em!'"

The Oldest Family.

London Globe.

The Austrians are known to be the greatest "sticklers" for genealogy, many of the nobles tracing their descent back to almost the dawn of history. Even in Austria, however, it is generally admitted that the dukes of Norfolk represent the oldest family in the world. According to the most trustworthy authorities, the Howards are of Saxon origin, the name in those days being Hereward. So far back as 957 there are trustworthy records of the family.

FREE 39 PIECE DINNER SETS FREE



I want to give one of these beautiful American Beauty Rose Dinner Sets to every Lady Reader of this Paper ABSOLUTELY FREE.

My Offer. I will give every lady reader of this paper one of these beautiful 39-piece Dinner sets, decorated with the large, deep glowing American Beauty Rose, the most beautiful rose in the world. I INVITE YOU TO TAKE IT. I ask you only to aid me in the very slightest degree among your friends. Just speak a kind word in my behalf. I really want to place this magnificent dinner set on your table without allowing you to pay me one penny.

Send me no money.

Just mail me a postal card or sign the coupon. ***But do this Today.*** I will then send you, ***all charges paid,*** 20 packages of my very best high grade post cards. I want you to give a package of post cards ***free*** to your friends on my 25c introductory offer. Each package contains an assortment of cards, all different, no two alike. These are the very finest gold finished flower and motto post cards, and all your friends will want a package when they see how beautiful the cards really are. When you have given away the post cards on my special introductory offer, the 39-Piece American Beauty Rose Dinner Set will be shipped to you at once absolutely free. ***There will be no delay.*** The dinner sets are packed in strong boxes guaranteed against all breakage.

Special Extra Prize. I will give you a whole box of six lovely and beautiful handkerchiefs if you are ***prompt*** and show me that you mean business. But you must be ***prompt.*** I insist on ***promptness.*** Send me your name and address ***today.*** Let me hear from you at once. Remember, you get the handkerchiefs in addition to the Dinner Set. The half dozen handkerchiefs is an ***extra gift,*** given you for being prompt. ***Don't delay a minute.*** Get your pencil and write ***today. Do it now!*** Remember, you get the 39-piece Gold Medal Dinner Set ***Free.*** And besides an ***extra gift*** of six beautiful handkerchiefs for promptness. Address

C. E. Smith, 1456 Virginia St., Kansas City, Mo.

The Decorations are the real genuine American Beauty Rose design, intermingled with the most exquisite traceries of gold. And each piece bears the genuine stamp and ***trade-mark*** of the great world-renowned Owen Potteries of Minerva. This stamp ***guarantees*** the quality of the china, guarantees it absolutely. It proves to you that you are getting the real ***Gold Medal*** China, the ***"Ware that Wears."*** You should see the rich, deep red of these delicious roses. They are burned into this handsome chinaware by the triplicate process of firing and then glazed with the perfection of knowlege gained by nearly half a hundred years of china making. This is an offer you ***must*** accept if you want the ***most beautiful Dinner Set*** ever made.

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Do it NOW! Never before has there been such a startling and wonderful premium offered. Remember it is free to you —39-pieces free—no disagreeable work and a grand extra prize of six handkerchiefs if you are prompt. Sign this Coupon today. Grasp this great and extraordinary offer—the greatest and the most extraordinary offer ever made.

Sign this Coupon TODAY. Don't Delay. Do it NOW!

CUT OR TEAR OFF ON THIS LINE

C. E. SMITH, 1456 Virginia St., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me the 20 packages of post cards to give away on your 25c introductory offer. I want the 39-piece Dinner Set.

NAME

P. O.

STATE

St., R.R. or Box

Temperance and Tobacco.

On August 20 the temperance department of the International Sunday School association made its report to the annual meeting of the executive committee of that body in session in Chicago, Ill. The report was followed by a very earnest discussion of the tobacco question in its relation to Christian example. The chairman asked all who abstained from the use of tobacco in every form to raise their hands, and in all that large company of men, more than 100, there were only two who make any use of tobacco. All the others declared themselves abstainers from smoking, chewing, or any other indulgence in tobacco.

NEW INVENTION

NO MORE WASH DAY!

NEW METHOD

Of Cleaning Clothes

Cleans Family Wash in 30 to 50 Minutes—Woman's Hardest Work Made Easy—No Rubbing, No Motors, No Chemicals.

Not a Washing Machine

Does in One Operation the Work of Wash Board, Washing Machine and Wash Boiler. SEE HOW SIMPLE—DIFFERENT, EASY. Put on any stove—add water, then soap, then clothes—move knob occasionally. In 5 to 8 minutes first batch clean—next batch same way, same water—in 30 to 50 minutes family wash clean. No labor, no injury to clothes.

Over 100,000 sold

Cleans woolens, flannels, blankets, colored clothes, as well as white goods, finest laces, curtains, bed cloths. Saves time, fuel, labor.

EASY WAY in 30 to 50 minutes cleans washing which before took entire day. All metal, strong, durable, sanitary, light in weight. Easily used, cleaned, handled—always ready. Child or weakly woman can use it. Saves washday drudgery.

Users Praise the "Easy Way."

J. McGee, Tenn., writes:—"One young lady cleaned day's washing in one hour with Easy Way—another in 45 minutes." Mrs. T. Bullen, Canada, writes:—"I washed bedding, heavy quilts, curtains, etc., without rubbing." Lauretta Mitchell, O., writes:—"Done a big washing in 45 minutes—sold 3 already." A. L. Popplewell, N. Y.:—"Gives perfect satisfaction. Washed bed quilts, greasy overalls and fine clothes. Greatest thing on earth." F. E. Post, Pa., writes:—**TWO WEEKS WASHING IN 45 MINUTES.** Clothes cleaned without rubbing." J. H. Barrett, Ark., after ordering 38 Easy Ways, says: "You have the grandest invention I ever heard of." J. W. Myers, Ga., says:—"Find check for 12 Easy Ways. Greatest invention to womankind, forever abolishing miserable wash day. Sells itself."

AGENTS GETTING RICH

R. O. Cowan, N. Y., placed 13 in 6 hours —(profit $39.) Mrs. J. Brown sold 10 in 3 days—(profit $30.) K. J. Blevins, O., writes: "Made 7 calls, sold 5 one day"—(profit $15.00.) R. H. Latimore, Pa., writes: "Sold 4 this morning. Never yet turned down." A. G. Witt, Pa., "Received Easy Way yesterday; sold 4 today—not out for orders." Mrs. Gerrish, Mont., ordered sample, then 1 dozen, then 2 dozen—(profit $60.) **Just made one shipment 1000 Easy Ways** to Russian agent. N. Boucher, Mass., orders 75 more, says: "Everybody wants one, best business I ever had." A. S. Verrett, La., sold 8 in one day—(profit $24.00.)

FREE SAMPLE To Agents.

We want managers, agents, men or women, home or traveling, all or part time, to show, take orders and appoint agents. **Easy Way** new article, not worked to death. Best seller out. Every family wants one. People glad to see it demonstrated; buy without being asked, and throw away costly washing machines to use it. **Only 2 sales a day means $36.00 a week profit.**

Price only $6.00 ready for use. Sent anywhere. Not sold in stores. Order one for your own use. **YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY.** Send for Free Sample offer, special agents' proposition, etc. Costs nothing to investigate. Send name and address anyway for full description. Write today. **Harrison Mfg. Co., 188 Harrison Building, Cincinnati, O.**

PULSE OF INTERIOR TRADE

Sound Basis for Business Encourages Optimism in West.

Chicago Dispatch to New York Evening Post.

There has seldom, if ever, been a sounder basis for business or a better general feeling, than that existing at present in trade circles here. The lack of a surplus of goods, the liquidation that the trade in all lines has gone through the past two years, and the large grain crops and high prices, have placed the west in the best shape that it has been in for years. There is more money in hands of the agricultural and middle classes than for years, and they are buying goods in a liberal way. In the retail trade, which is a good index of the purchasing power of the general public, there is a volume of business equal to the holiday season in the best of years.

Sales of some of the largest retail stores have increased 10 to 20 per cent over last year, and of the wholesale houses 10 to 15, and some instances are reported where special lines have increased over 25 per cent. One good feature is that spring sales are larger than they have been at this part of the autumn in years, and are of a higher grade of goods. Jobbers say that advance sales of holiday goods have had a wider scope than in recent years, showing that there is more inclination on the part of buyers to consider the practical part of that trade. Furthermore, manufacturers are having a very large trade in middle-class goods.

Steel interests have more orders booked than at this time in any former year, and their production is also the greatest, with indications of further gains. Cars are scarce, and the railroads have their hands full in taking care of their increased traffic, and their equipment is in active use.

The Knot.

New York Sun.

Peary has sent to New York a knot's nest and a photo of the bird, it is said. The knot lives in the arctic regions only, it is stated, and is the rarest of birds. The museum at St. Petersburg is said to possess the only known specimen.

You have probably heard
Of that notable bird
The Knot.
Its food, so they say,
Must be highly frappe.
Not hot.
It finds ices and snow—
Why, I can't understand—
To be quite comme il faut.
And the colder the brand
The tighter the knot will grow
Tied to the land
On hand.

The long winter night
Is a source of delight
To the knot.
It warbles away
Till the coming of day
In its grot.
And when the sun rises
The knot slips up, too.
And then—such surprises!—
A hullabaloo
From the knot of small knotlets begot!
Hear them coo.
Atchoo!

Atchoo twice and thrice!
I've a cold. Sure, to splice
The knot
Is a hazardous thing,
So I'll cease now to sing.
I forgot
To add, if you doubt
My alm single and sole
Is to help science sprout,
Why, then sail to the goal,
And there—or I'm out—
You will find a knot hole
In the pole!

Maurice Morris.

A Prehistoric Coffin.

London Globe.

A stone cist or coffin, with human remains, has been found in a sand hillock between Craigbur

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 275,000

Advice is one thing we never have to advertise for.

How fast time flies! We'll soon be in need of a new calendar.

Dr. Cook will soon begin to think the scientists are all from Missouri.

According to the almanac, this is the open season for shooting stars.

Being a patient man, Uncle Joe Cannon will probably wait to be kicked out.

President Taft has a new office. Uncle Sam always treats his hired help first class.

When one man tells another that his baby is pretty he usually adds: "It must look like its mother."

The simple act of biting into a wormy chestnut has a tendency to make a pessimist of a man.

Money makes the mare go. And Mr. Rockefeller hopes it will have the same effect on the lazy bug.

Hips are to come back into style again, thus justifying the forethought of the woman who saved hers.

As soon as a man is elected to office a lot of fellows who didn't vote for him begin to advise him what to do.

Mr. Peary has secured the endorsement of the Geographical society. Something like carrying his own precinct.

Indian summer is all right, but the idea of having it dealt out on the installment plan never originated with the Indians.

"Where are the heroes of the ages past?" asks a poet. Don't know, but the modern heroes are wearing Carnegie medals.

We can't help liking the American girl who has refused to marry a foreign nobleman because she can't pronounce his name.

A Montana bride ate twenty biscuits of her own baking. Not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Harvard scientists have discovered that the turkey has appendicitis. A successful operation will be performed Thanksgiving day.

Sir Thomas Lipton says it is a good thing to be born poor. We'll meet him half way and admit it is a good thing to be born.

Emperor William's wife has made him promise he will never make an ascent in a flying machine. That kind of wife is worth having.

A University of Wisconsin professor believes schools should be kept open all year. He doesn't seem to care what the boys think of him.

The people of this country can stand only just about so much of anything. They have had about all the polar controversy they want.

The luckiest woman lives in St. Louis. She thought she was marrying a count, but since the ceremony has discovered that he is a cook.

Halley's comet's tail is to brush the earth next May. At that time, we presume, and we didn't get the idea from an astronomer, there'll be no flies on the earth.

Perhaps, after all, James J. Hill is wrong. There may be no danger of us starving to death while Mr. Wilson is at the head of the agricultural department.

Dr. Eliot simply shook his head when asked for his opinion of the future of woman's suffrage. The doctor isn't in the habit of rushing in where angels fear to tread.

Speaker Cannon doesn't know of any law in the country against snoring. Even the Oklahoma constitution inadvertently neglected to give the matter any attention.

The men who are with Mrs. Roosevelt are said to be almost worn out. The same thing used to happen to the people who tried to keep up with the Roosevelt messages to congress.

A Wisconsin candidate announces that the office is not seeking him, but that he is chasing the office for all there is in it. Politicians will be inclined to think he has gone crazy.

By becoming reconciled to strict retirement Abdul Hamid has exhibited good judgment. He knows he could never feel at home hanging to a lamp post, with a rope around his neck.

Mrs. Pankhurst says American women are not serious enough. Don't know about that. Some of them become pretty serious when they have to keep the dinner waiting three-quarters of an hour over time.

We have received a communication in which the writer wants to know if it is true that President Taft drank a cocktail in St. Louis. How would it do for our inquirer to write to the President for the information he wants?

"When is whiskey old?" is another question that is waiting for an answer. The trouble with these whiskey problems is that the men who do the drinking cannot answer them. The more they drink the less they know about it.

SERVIAN METHOD SUGGESTED.

Petitions for enactment of a woman's suffrage law are in circulation in Toledo, and will be presented to the Ohio general assembly which will meet in regular session on the first Monday in January, 1910.

Previous to the session of 1908, the titles of petitions were read perfunctorily and the number of signatures announced by the legislative clerks. Now, in the house of representatives all petitions are dumped without ceremony, or so much as the reading of the caption, into a large box close to the speaker's dais. Occasionally the box is cleared and the petitions piled up like cordwood in the committee rooms. In these days of expensive hickory the documents are considered somewhat less valuable than old fashioned fuel in stove lengths. Only on extremely rare occasions do petitions to legislative bodies receive the profound attention to which the signers believe them to be entitled.

We suggest, quite respectfully, to the suffragists in Ohio that they adopt the Servian plan.

The Pall Mall Gazette relates that a lady of muscular proportions called to see the Servian home minister at Belgrade. Before the usher had done explaining, she had lifted him gently by the collar and penetrated to the sanctum. Here, with her back against the door, she read a lengthy petition from the mothers of a district destitute school. Then, with a bow to the minister and his secretary, she departed in peace.

CHANCES FOR FAME IGNORED.

Sir John Brunner, a manufacturer of chemicals in England, recently made the statement that if $50,000,000 were spent in putting up laboratories and founding professional chairs the country would get its money back one hundred fold within a generation.

American millionaires often seem hard put to it to find avenues for philanthropy. They have endowed universities until some of them come near having an instructor for every student, charities where the labor of distribution all but ate up the funds, and libraries that became burdens upon communities. It is incomprehensible why the noble uplands of science have largely proved unattractive. The great material gains of humanity in the last century have been in these fields. And yet—we are told constantly—the ground has only been scratched.

Think of the glories that might have been reaped by some of our rich men had they given shops and fields for experimenting with flying machines a few years ago. Prof. Longley pointed the way. His success with models was prophetic. It encouraged the Wright brothers, already interested in the problem by a mechanical toy and the little flights of Chanute.

The marvels of French intensive farming have been written about, but few in this country really know how it is done. One million dollars would give 100 experiment stations a chance to make the system familiar to everyone.

Radium means almost perpetual heat and motion. Its compounds have a value somewhere in the neighborhood of $45,000,000 a pound, though that much has not been separated from the earth. When one remembers how high calcium and aluminum were once quoted one can't but be hopeful that radium will some day be far cheaper. A chance is given some one with wealth to spare to make it so.

Chemistry, physics, engineering and medicine bristle with possibilities of which the researcher catches visions, but is barred from investigating for want of funds.

TAXES AND THE CONSTITUTION.

Probably no other provision of the constitution of Ohio has been violated so persistently and with such impunity as that which requires that all property shall be taxed at its true value in money. With a view to partial reform, State Auditor E. W. Fullington has addressed circular letters to the 350 appraisers of real estate, elected in the 77 cities of Ohio last week, calling attention to the constitutional requirement and inviting the appraisers to a meeting, to be held in Columbus, to effect an agreement that will result in uniform quadrennial assessment of real estate in all the cities.

The auditor, according to report, asserts that if all property were returned for taxation at its true value in money, rather than at 40 to 60 per cent of its value, the tax rate in every city for Ohio would be cut one-half.

That the revenue derived from taxation would be doubled is doubtless true, but that rates do not decrease commensurately with the increase of the duplicate, has often been demonstrated. Moreover, if large increases are to be made to the valuation of real estate, it is but a just demand that reform methods also be applied to taxation of personal property. The statement that gross inequalities exist in taxation of real estate cannot be controverted, but all realty is taxed at some figure, while millions in personal property, more elusive than the little pea at a pioneer picnic, escape the tax gatherer altogether.

MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.

If there are those who have found it a bother to distinguish a suffragist from a suffragette enlightenment is in store for them. Women of Iowa are to furnish the answer. It has always been understood that only a few miles separate Tweedledee and Tweedledum, but from suffragist to suffragette is to be made a strenuous march of indefinite length.

For forty years the suffragists of Iowa have argued and prayed and pleaded with tears in their eyes to obtain the ballot. Men would have grown old in forty years. Not so the Iowa women. Forty years of legislative cold shoulder simply put them in fighting trim. Now there are no more tears to be shed, no more prayful supplications; no longer will the Iowa women admit, for the sake of argument, that there are two sides to the suffrage question. They are through with admissions and have no further use for arguments. From tearful suffragists they have grown to the formidable attitude of militant suffragettes. This means that they will adopt the methods of their English sisters.

When the Iowa legislature meets next winter it is the purpose of these courageous women to invade the legislative halls, and to prevent by obstructionist methods the passage of all other bills if their own is not considered favorably. They will be there to fight, to defy the police and the militia; to break any law that needs breaking, and they will go to jail and starve, if necessary. In brief, these women purpose raising — pandemonium. The program is interesting, and the Des Moines date line is destined to occupy a conspicuous place in the newspapers of the country.

To members of the Iowa legislature the outlook is not bright and cheering. However, amid the danger that theatens, they have one hope to cling to, there is one luminous rift in the haze of portending gloom. These women, though desperate and determined, have unwittingly revealed the characteristic gentleness of their sex. They have promised that they will not all talk at once.

THE GLOUCESTER CITY MOB.

Only the broomsticks and pins are lacking in the chain of direct and circumstantial evidence that some of the people of Gloucester City, N. J., are less intelligent and more brutal than the leaders of the crusades against witchcraft in Salem.

There are no negro residents in Gloucester. Under misapprehension that a negro man and woman had moved into a certain house, a mob of 500 men and boys stormed the premises, demanded that the negroes vacate and threatened, with torches in hand, to make the building a funeral pyre if they refused to leave. The house was wrecked before it was ascertained that two persons, otherwise innocent, but guilty of having been born of African parentage, had assisted in moving the goods of a Caucasian family into the residence.

The people of Salem at least believed that the so-called witches had brought evil upon their community. Lynchings and burnings in the south never occur unless heinous crime has been committed, or at least strongly suspected.

It is difficult to find precedent for the action, category for the classification or words for adequate condemnation of the Gloucester City mob.

DOLLAR WHEAT.

Secretary Wilson of the agricultural department, has replied to the doleful prediction of some publicists who may have been attempting to bull the wheat market with their theory that the steady increase in the population of the United States will soon overtax the ability of American farmers to provide sustenance for the country.

The secretary, in optimistic mood, cited last year's crop statistics, so large that they can only be comprehended intelligently by a congressional appropriations committee. Though the secretary's figure must convince some that the United States is in no imminent peril of the kind of famine that enabled Joseph to corner the grain market in Egypt, he denounced soil robbery and advised conservation of the fertility of the land by the European system of crop rotation, for improvident and stupid farming costs billions—all waste.

The secretary's declaration that, in his opinion, American wheat will never again go below the dollar mark, except in the event of acute industrial disturbance, is of most immediate and vital concern to urban wage workers.

The Washington Post estimates that the American people cast a billion dollars' worth of food into garbage barrels every year. It is at once foolish and criminal to throw away money or its equivalent, and it is playing into the hands of the food trusts every time it is practiced. In France, the garbage barrel holds nothing but garbage; in this blessed land of ours, half of its contents is wasted food. The frightful waste of the American people, not only in food, but in bad roads, preventable fires, floods and political graft, would send any other country in the world to the poorhouse.

The pessimist who aroused the secretary of agriculture may have served some useful purpose, after all, since the discussion has again emphasized the cost and wantonness of national waste.

THE STRUGGLERS.

That was a pretty little sermon John D. Rockefeller preached to his Sunday school pupils. "It is a blessed thing to struggle," he declared. "I have been struggling for sixty years. My first struggle was when I learned to swim, and I have been at it ever since."

Brother Rockefeller never shoots over the heads of his congregation. The simplicity of his sermons recommends them. Children can understand and appreciate the lessons they aim to teach, and every struggler within hailing distance may gather inspiration and struggle on with rejuvenated hope and renewed aspirations. The world is full of strugglers. President Taft is a struggler; so is King Edward; so is Theodore Roosevelt, and William Jennings Bryan, and Uncle Joe Cannon, and the Wright boys, and Cook and Peary, and Samuel Gompers, and Mrs. Pankhurst, and Hughey Jennings, and Jim Jeffries; and so are the farmers, bankers, lawyers, ministers, doctors, educators, musicians, artists, mechanics, clerks, white wings, scrub women, and newsboys. There is no end of strugglers, and upon all falls the soothing benediction—"It is a blessed thing to struggle!"

Brother Rockefeller has always practiced what he now preaches. He has been a conspicuous struggler. He has struggled for sixty years. No one can ask for a more wholesome example of the confirmed struggler. And he has found it a blessed thing to struggle. But let's not dwell on that. It is enough to say that from his first plunge into the depths of the old swimmin' hole there has never been a time when he couldn't keep his head above water.

With $10,000,000 to her credit a grass widow should be able to get a pretty decent sort of husband.

Less than four weeks till congress convenes. But let's not talk about it until after Thanksgiving.

A CHINESE AWAKENING.

Five centuries before the birth of Christ, Confucius, in his Analects, wrote: "To learn and then to practice opportunely what one has learned—does not this bring with it a sense of satisfaction? To have associates in study coming to one from distant parts—does not this also mean pleasure in store?"

Now, 2,400 years later, the Chinese government has sent 47 young men to the United States to enter various technical colleges of this country. Next year 150 more Chinese students will be sent to America for the same purpose and the policy will be continued until a fund of $10,000,000 has been expended. The selection will be made by rigid examination of applicants and each of the successful candidates will spend five years acquiring his occidental education and practical training in useful arts and trades.

The Chinese have been a long time coming to a full understanding of what Confucius probably meant, but since they have finally been aroused by the alarm clock of progress, they have placed a wholesale order for a few million dollars' worth of "pleasure in store" with instructions for quick delivery of the goods.

SUPERIOR AMANDA.

A writer in the Independent, who admits that she is not a coquette, discusses the question, "Why Educated Women Do Not Marry." Having demonstrated by recital of her own experience that the reason is not lack of opportunity, this writer, concealing her identity under the signature Amanda Saepe Quaesita, confides in the public that she has rejected five men—an interesting but impossible foreigner who is now a bank clerk, two college professors and two college-bred professional men. "The main difficulty," naively asserts Amanda, etc., "was that, in every possible respect I was their superior, conceited as that may sound."

American men, she opines, may seem more moral and perhaps more wholesome, but undeniably more dull than foreigners who play Chopin, invite women to tea in charming corners and plan moonlight walks and sunset drives.

It must be confessed that there are few mere men who can meet each and all of the superior Amanda's requirements. But she might try the want columns.

WASTE IN LIFE.

It does not seem unreasonable, when we consider the fact that there is apparently no reason why infants, if properly born, and this means simply the prevention of ante-natal disease and the improvement of the health and conditions of life of their parents, should die at all in early infancy or childhood, except from the comparatively small proportion of accidents that are strictly unavoidable.—Dr. Cressy L. Wilbur.

The area in which vital statistics are returned reported 691,574 deaths in 1908. Of these 125,000 were babies under one year of age, and about 200,000 under five years of age. According to the estimate of the census bureau 200,000 more died in those states and cities which make no returns.

Medicine and sanitary science have scored their triumphs as we contrast the knowledge and the achievements of today with the ignorance and public apathy of a half century ago. Yet the deaths of more than a half million babes show how much more science must do, how much harder public officers must work, how heavy the responsibility lies upon parent, upon landlord and state. Here are sorrows that cannot be measured in the terms of political economists.

PURIFICATION.

With Tammany virtually routed, Murphy punished and Mayor Gaynor kept in leash by a decent board of estimate, and other subordinate officials, it is predicted that New York city will enter upon a new era of honest and economical administration.

Analysis of results of the election throughout New York state reveals another encouraging feature. Inspired, doubtless by successful operation of the new direct primary election law in Ohio, as well as by the experience of states in which the system has had more thorough trial, New York voters elected 45 of 150 assemblymen pledged to a direct nominations bill. In the last New York legislature, only 28 assemblymen in both parties voted for the bill, which was then defeated. The New York Direct Primary association is greatly encouraged and its officers express the belief that the 45 men they have elected represent a growing demand on the part of the people that cannot much longer be ignored by the law makers.

TITLES AND HEIRESSES.

American heiresses may be interested in the announcement that a European title of nobility cannot be purchased free from encumbrance of the nobleman himself. In Germany and Austria advertisements have appeared recently offering for sale a "rittgut"—an estate carrying with it a title of nobility, or else undertaking to obtain legal adoption of a candidate for titular distinction by some nobleman, with the right of succession to his title and name.

The kaiser has taken official action to bring the title mongers to justice in his country, and a careful investigation of the subject in other foreign countries reveals the fact that the titles of nobles cannot be deeded away with their real estate, and no matter how much more desirable such transaction might seem to American investors, they must continue in the old way to make costly collections of antique noblemen for their ambitious daughters if titles they must have.

MEN AND MONKEYS.

Eleven monkeys, imported from India for experimental purposes, are housed in cages on the top floor of the medical school of George Washington university. After rigid examination of these little physiological aristocrats of the animal world, Professor W. T. Shepherd, a learned scientist, has arrived at the conclusion that the similans are superior to human beings in the lower mental faculties, such as perception, sensation and memory, but that they can never attain the highest mental faculties, such as exercising judgment and reason.

Professor Shepherd, evading the question of soul existence and immortality, says he believes, with Darwin, that the human race sprang from the monkey, or a more highly developed animal of the same species. That is, in his opinion, the physical form of man can be traced directly to the monkey.

A test of the comparative intelligence of the monkey, dog and cat, was arranged by the professor. He placed a piece of meat on a stick, a few inches from the monkey cage. The animal could not reach the meat, but could touch the stick. Without a moment's hesitation the little fellow grasped the stick and pulled the meat into his cage. The dog and cat failed to see the usefulness of the stick. They clawed at the meat, but the fact that it might be obtained by moving the stick never occurred to them.

AIRSHIPS AND BLACKSTONE.

The Wright brothers are about to engage in the manufacture of flying machines for the market. If the decision of a London court is to establish a precedent, aviators of the future must exercise great care to fly only directly above streets, public grounds and navigable waters, or be prepared to assume the risk of fine and imprisonment for trespass upon private property. Since a fundamental principle of Blackstone is that land, in its legal signification, has an indefinite extent upward as well as downward, the aforesaid British court has held that an aeronaut could be held for trespass simply because he passed over a man's land at a great height without letting more than the shadow of a balloon fall upon it. However carefully an airship may be driven, there is always some risk of its descent to earth suddenly and uncontrollably so that, theoretically, the land owner's property will thus be in peril.

The laws of the older states are becoming too well established for the prosperity of the legal fraternity, so the disciples of Blackstone should hail with joy the advent of the commercial flying machine, bringing in its wake endless possibilities for litigation over novel questions, such as prior rights to the air, rules of the road and personal injury suits galore.

AMERICAN CAPITAL, BRITISH FLAG

The new steamship H. C. Henry recently completed her first trip with a cargo of creosote from European ports to the plant of the owners at Eagle Harbor, near Seattle. Every dollar interested in this splendid carrier is American capital and the ship is operated exclusively for importation of a product used in connection with business generated wholly in the United States. Yet, under existing laws, and in the face of competition by foreign, subsidized steamship lines, it was impossible to build this ship in the United States and operate it under the American flag, although her owners are patriotic American citizens. Every ship so built and operated will make it just so much more difficult to build up an American merchant marine when congress awakes to a realization of the situation and passes a mail subsidy bill or some similar measure.

PENNSYLVANIA PENSION PLAN.

Veteran employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad company who have outlived their service in active service and who have been so unfortunate or thriftless that they have accumulated nothing for a rainy day, will no longer be required to choose between the almshouses and the chance of being fed, like Elijah, by the ravens.

This great railroad company has followed the example set by the government when it provided for service pensions for veterans of the Civil War, such pensions increasing automatically as the ages of the pensioners advance.

The Pennsylvania company's plan provides that, after 20 years' service, any employe, unfitted for work, may retire on pension. At the age of 70 all employes are to be retired, and those who have then been in service at least 10 years shall be eligible to pension, based on previous earning capacity.

Regardless of differences of opinion as to industrial pensions, the Pennsylvania's plan has one strong point in its favor. It is tantamount to a substantial wage advance to faithful employes. The company, however, will have the use of the money thus to be paid, for a considerable period, and the pensioners will receive it when they are most likely to be in greatest need, just as though drawing upon resources deposited in a savings bank or invested in government bonds.

A Missouri farmer went out into his yard the other morning and picked up 46 wild ducks that had been killed by lightning while flying over his home. To dovetail with the eternal fitness of things, they should have been turkeys.

"I've signed for three more years and will stick," said Ty Cobb to President Taft. And then the two distinguished men, knowing they were both sure of their jobs for three years, felt happy and optimistic.

Lady Cook, who recently came to this country prepared to spend a million in the cause of suffrage, has gone back to England in disgust. Not, we trust, because nobody would help her spend her money.

The Kansas board of health has barred the roller towel from hotels. The old printing office towel of tradition was not interfered with. It is still standing with its back to the wall.

If we are to have a woman for President and a cabinet of ladies, we want to get in with the suggestion that Aunt Carrie Nation be made secretary of war.

The queen of Holland has invented a baby carriage. But she first got the baby, once more proving that necessity is the mother of invention.

Marie Corelli says Mr. Taft is the real ruler of this country. She'll never be able to get into an argument with Mr. Taft on the subject.

King Edward is getting older every year, whether he wants to or not. That's where a king doesn't have anything on his subjects.

At the rate of $1.20 a word, which Mr. Peary is to get for his magazine story, the sentence, "Cook is a liar," will bring him $4.80.

The Halley Comet.

Boston Transcript.

Mr. Ritchie reasoned of how the Halley comet should look and conduct itself on this occasion. Why not imagine how the earth should look to a person riding the comet—if that were possible? Conceive of Halley's comet as a monstrous aeroplane, and see where your mind is taken. And the speculation is not so senseless as at first appears.

The fastest thing we human beings can think of is light on its travels through space. Yet it takes light more than eight minutes to fly from the sun to the wheat fields of Oregon, more than 90,000,000 miles distant from the necessary source of supply. It takes from 35 minutes to near'y an hour, according to the positions of the planets, for light to travel from Jupiter to the eyes behind the earthly telscopes that are nightly watching him. If Saturn were to be suddenly snuffed out of existence, astronomers on earth might be seeing Saturn for an hour and 20 minutes afterward, before they would faint at the shock of his disappearance. From Neptune, our cousin nearly three billion miles removed, light's time of passage is about four hours—a pretty quick trick for all that it seems so long.

And now see how all this works out. Imagine a being on Neptune equipped with a glass, let us say, of a power sufficient to see the surface of our earth and observe the movements of at least large bodies of people. To him everything might seem serene among us, for hours after the occurrence of some event momentous enough to change the whole complexion of our little affairs. To bring this little idea down to brass tacks, suppose the Neptunian to be watching the battle of Gettysburg. Through its three great days he might follow it, always four hours behind.

It becomes plain what entertaining sights one might behold if it were possible, some time, to accept for a decade or two the coal man's, the butter man's, the egg dealer's tacit invitation to us to "get off the earth." Yet these are the more trifing views to be had. We are still within the narrow confines of the solar system. We are still dealing with minute or hour-long flights of light. Take a step out into the broad back lot of space, still equipped with these powerful reading glasses we are supposing, and note what happens. Stationed on Alpha Centauri, a rather neighborly star, light from the earth would be only about seven short years in coming. That is to say, an astronomer there would be watching the beginning of Theodore Roosevelt's term just about the time of Taft's election.

Stand off at a really respectable distance, get a real perspective on old earth. Get on a star far enough out for light to take a few centuries to cross the gap. From such a point, still with these admittedly powerful spectacles, the diligent student of earth's history would, in a fashion, be reading a newspaper centuries behind the date. He might be seeing George Washington crossing the Delaware, while we had gone right on to aeroplane travel across the Atlantic. He would see the surrender of Cornwallis, while all the male sex had long ago surrendered government to the females of our race. But why not take up a position still farther out? There are stars so remote that stars earth might have run its whole course, from pterodactyl to the final aeroplane, and have burned out to a treeless, coalless, manless state and vanished utterly, before the observer at that outer station was staggered with the discovery of its molten birth.

We are doing some tall supposing, of course. Now let us do some more. We have all along assumed the observer to be standing at fixed points out in the dim beyond. But all those stars out there are going a rather rapid gait. Let us see what the effect upon motion is upon our small finite notions of time. Supply the observer this time with a ticket aboard a fast flying comet, which would leave bullets standing still behind it. Now the alert traveler aboard the swift express its meeting light on its own swifter passage out to him from the earth. He is stealing a march on light. The result is that time is itself tuned up to a fancy pitch. The observer on the comet would see the three-day battle of Gettysburg fought to a finish in a few hours. He might see some courageous mortal reading Tolstoi's War and Peace, and be shocked to see him finish that Webster's dictionary of a book in ten minutes. In fact, if the traveler started from a point far enough out, moved toward us with the requisite speed and had good enough eyesight, he might see the lonely brontosaur and pterodactyl at the beginning of his journey and arrive on earth in time to vote for Taft. He would have brought with him, meanwhile, proof of the correctness of the Darwinian theory. He would have himself seen the missing link with his own eyes. He would know what the modern scientists now believe, that man and the monkey are not son and father, but are themselves brothers, offshoots from a parent farther back in the shady past than either of them.

But there is still another, and a more interesting and fantastic, side to the strange non-contemporaneousness that things assume the moment you step off our staid little planet. Suppose your traveler was on his fast-flying comet, but flying away from the earth, at the speed with which light itself travels. Then time for him would stand still. The relatives he had just kissed would stand forever like statues in the attitude of affectionate farewell. It would be the longest kiss on record. Or, suppose, that some great battle, like Gettysburg, were in progress at the time of his departure. The very bullets themselves would hang in midair, between gun-muzzle and the men that they actually killed in the fight. Men already struck would be halted midway in their fall to earth, forever hanging there in suspense. Cocked hammers would never be released. Fingers would halt on the trigger.

But allot your comet traveler a still greater speed, and the fantastic takes another turn. If he traveled faster than light, time would seem to go backward. The battle of Gettysburg would unfight itself. The bullets shot into Lee's and Meade's dead would come out of their bodies. The dead would come to life. Pickett's gallants would arise from the ground, assemble in their orderly lines and walk down the hill they stormed, with their bands playing their music weirdly backward.

These speculations seem of a trifling nature, but they have a basis in science and seem odd only because we are unaccustomed to take stock of anything away from the round of everyday experience on our own planet. Only when a Halley's comet hales in view, visitant from regions almost unthinkably remote, do we give our minds a good and needed stretching. It isn't altogether a trifling remark to make that a visit from a Halley's comet may have some slight salutary effect. It may be well to pause once in a while to reflect that this solid and engrossing earth is only a funny little back porch, hanging out over an awfully wide gap in space, with the nearest sizeable thing in sight more than 90,000,000 miles away, more than 300 times bigger than we are, and blistering hot at that. Nobody who has ever looked through even a six-inch glass at the moon can ever again see it with his naked eye as a flat piece of light in the sky. It always appears to him then as it appeared through the glass—a pitted and worn old world, spooking about it in the outer night.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE MAN OF THE DECORATIONS

International Sunday School Lesson for November 21 is "Paul's Story of His Life." II Cor. 11 : 21—12 : 10.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

There is an American in Tokio who is sometimes called "the brains of the Japanese government." Naturally, very little appears about him in print; he is the man behind the scenes. The emperor has bestowed upon him many orders, but these he does not wear. On state occasions he sits in a lower seat, inconspicuous and unknown. But on one occasion the Japanese government tendered a banquet to visiting American officials, and this man appeared wearing all his decorations. These entitled him to rank above most of the Japanese officials present; so he was honored in the eyes of his fellow countrymen. It was an occasion to prove his patriotism, and he did right in availing himself of it.

This teacher, traveler-statesman Paul had been decorated by many knightly scars; but he seldom displayed them. He did not care what people thought of him, so long as the work was done. There came an occasion, however, when his honor was touched, and his usefulness as a servant of Jesus Christ. Then he produced his decorations, displayed them fully, and took the place of high rank to which he was entitled.

Somebody who holds the minor virtues, the proprieties and the conventions so close that he cannot see things in proportion, cries out, "Is Poul modest here?" He is not, nor should he be. Modesty is a gentle virtue which must sometimes be sent to the rear along with the baggage, while her older brothers, Honor and Truth, go forth to join in war's fierce clash.

When a man is called upon to defend his honor or his work, or the sacredness of truth, he may not let any petty considerations of modesty or immodesty stand in the way of that holy duty.

An Adventurous Career.

The clash of arms and the shrilling of battle bugles sounds in Paul's defense of himself to the Corinthian Christians. They had been lending their itching ears to the tales of some leaders who were professing to be better Jews, better Christians and better leaders than he. Had Paul been the sort of milk and sugar Christian so popular nowadays, he would have let these back-biting enemies take his crown. If, however, Paul has been capable of such pusillanimity he would not have been Paul the empire-builder.

Listen to his thrilling recital of his apostolic credentials:

"Are they Hebrews? so am I. Are they Israelites? so am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I. Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as one beside himself) I more; in labors more abundantly, in prisons more abundantly, in stripes above measure, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in labor and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, there is that which presseth upon me daily, anxiety for all the churches."

Then the apostle proceeds to narrate a transporting, unspeakable experience, when he was caught up into the third heaven. Continuing, he writes: "And by reason of the exceeding greatness of the revelations, that I should not be exalted overmuch, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of satan to buffet me, that I should not be exalted overmuch. Concerning this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he hath said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my power is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my weaknesses, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Wherefore I take pleasure in weaknesses, in injuries, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong."

Little Worries and Big Troubles.

When a man undertakes to follow a big idea he cannot tell where he will end. To heed a great call is to enter upon an unknown way. Whose sets out to do the brave, true deed will find himself often in a path where he cannot see the next step. He may find such adventures as Paul's, but he will also find a man's life and work.

Paul was forever in trouble. Like most knight-errants of truth, he found a tempestuous career. But he escaped a multitude of petty and soul-dwarfing worries. There was a joy in the tumult which was better worth achieving than the serenity of a becalmed existence. The peace which dwells in the heart of the storm is most complete and precious.

Even the great anxiety which came upon Paul daily, care or all the churches, was a royal soul's perquisite. He had the world for his parish. He cared more for the kingdom than for any congregation or denomination—though he was forever busy in some one local field. He had what William Penn called "a public mind." When a man's anxieties are for his country, for the world, or for the kingdom of heaven, he has entered into the secret of Christ. Vain has been this course of lessons if it has not helped some persons to love the larger interests of God. To broadened life is the day's need. All children should be taught to study world maps. The Student Volunteer convention in Rochester, a few weeks hence, will do more for the few thousand college students who will attend than any single course in their regular studies; for it will give them an immortal vision of the world and of their life-work.

Transporting Experiences.

Some moments are worth more than a while lifetime. There are transporting experiences in the memory of all persons who have greatly lived which bulk larger than all the rest of existence. Pity the poverty-stricken spirit which has none of these treasured events in its memory; to sustain the spirit when all else has become dull and monotonous and scarcely worth while. These glimpses of heaven, as they may truly be called, reveal the potentialities and possibilities of the human soul; glimpses, as it were, into that life where all limitations of earth are removed.

Everybody has his own conception of the third heaven. To one it is the hour when he first knew the bliss of reciprocated love. To another, the hallowed moment when the heard the call to high and holy service. To another, the moment when he accepted the offer of Jesus Christ and became his pledged servant. To a mother it is the moment when she held her firstborn in her arms. Concerning all these deeper, inner experiences it is not easy for fine spirits to speak. The heart hides deepest what it holds dearest. So Paul's allusion to this great exaltation is vague, though ecstatic.

Great experiences like this overtop all the years of the calendar. They constitute true riches. Here is an old man wearing the Confederate gray, and here another in Federal blue; yet the civil war was ended a generation ago. True, but that epochal experience still lives as the supreme and overmastering event in the lives of all who participated in it; even as Paul's enraptured and ineffable glimpse of Paradise tinged with roseate glow all his subsequent career.

Taking Pleasure in Pain.

The spirit is tethered by a short rope to the body. We cannot abide in the third heaven; we at least must come down for meals! Raptures are not continuous, but occasional. Paul was given a "thorn in the flesh" to keep him close to the earth and its needs and sufferings. What this was—whether sore eyes, or malaria, or what else—we know not; nor does it matter. If we knew the exact nature of Paul's affliction we might consider that particular form of suffering of value above others.

Enough to know that the suffering was sent by Satan, and that God permitted and used it. It kept Paul humble, taught him lessons of unanswered prayer, and helped his soul to grow. Every adversity may minister to character's highest welfare. Nothing is "too bad" that nurtures the spirit-life. Paul learned from his thorn that "My strength is made perfect in weakness." It would have been serious to have missed that lesson, wouldn't it? Any "thorn in the flesh" is a small price to pay for a comprehending fellowship with Jesus Christ. Paul was great enough to see this; and to rejoice in his suffering. Everything—absolutely everything—that brings a man close to his lord is a reason for gladness.

Varieties

Buckles were first made in 1680.

A ton of water contains 224 gallons.

Among the suicides, men predominate.

Barometers were first made by Torricelli in 1740.

Stem-winding watches were the invention of Noel in 1851.

The United Kingdom manufactures 260,000 tons of soap yearly.

Penny postage is proposed between Great Britain and Turkey.

The world's estimated steam power in use today is 12,000,000 horsepower.

Germany's four super-dreadnoughts will each have a crew of 1,000 men.

New Alaskan copper fields may reduce the price of electrolytic copper to 5 cents a pound.

Japan's postal and telegraph receipts for 1908 were $18,730,000, a gain of $225,000 over 1907.

In the 40 years 1868 to 1908 Japan's yearly foreign trade increased from $13,000,000 to $407,000,000.

A bumper cotton crop is in view in India. It may amount to 5,000,000 bales. The price of yarn is advancing.

On June 30, 1909, Japan's currency circulation was $229,360,000, an increase of $5,150,000 over June 30, 1908.

Tea production in Ceylon in the first nine months of 1909 was 9,000,000 pounds greater than in the same months.

Professor Lankester says there have never been any large flying animals, and so there can not be any large flying machines.

American capitalists are trying to form a merger of every acre of timber producing land in Nova Scotia, investing $5,000,000.

Japan's principal mineral productions are, in order of importance as named, copper, sulphur, silver, iron, coal, petroleum and gold.

A tack hammer, the head of which folds into a recess in the stick for convenience in carrying, has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.

Young Lone Wolf, a Kiowa Indian chief, is a Baptist minister. He is a Carlisle graduate and reads his Greek Testament every morning.

The North British Locomotive company has just completed and tested the first steam turbine locomotive. The new engine is pronounced a success.

At 78, it is announced, Sir William Schwenck Gilbert is at work on a new comic opera which will shortly be produced at the Savoy theater in London.

France sold the United States $6,670,810 worth of champagne in the first six months of 1909, a quantity which exceeds the previous highest returns for a whole year.

The German navy, which in 1888 cost 53,000,000 marks, in 1890 cost 130,000,000; in 1900, somewhat under 200,000,000; in 1908, 330,000,000; the budget for 1909 stipulates 411,400,000.

Venezuela has a large English telephone company, but that company does not hold any time concessions or monopoly from the government. The field is open to competition.

The turbine derives its power not from the expansive pressure of steam, as in a cylinder engine, but from its momentum, impinging at high velocity on vanes attached to the revolving shaft.

Elizabeth Akers Allen, who wrote the famous poem, Rock Me to Sleep, Mother, 50 years ago, is 77 years old. Born in Maine, she began to write when she was a girl of 15.

Under Japan's 1911 tariff revision the list of dutiable articles will number over 800. Raw materials will be taxed lightly and luxuries heavily. The tariff will be neither "free trade" nor "high protection."

Michael Idvorsky Pupin, known as the inventor of wireless telephony, and who, according to report, received $800,000 for an invention which is used in long distance telephoning, worked his way through Columbia college.

Louise Hirtsel, a leader in artistic circles in Chicago, has conceived the idea of using the "three wise monkeys of Japan" as a candlestick, match holder or incense burner. She believes this will make the monkeys as popular as Billiken.

The Japanese commercial party now touring the United States had the unique honor of being invited to lunch with the emperor of Japan the day before they started. This is an honor usually conferred only on foreign dignitaries.

Japan's foreign trade for the first half of 1909 amounted to $200,750,000, a decrease of $13,000,000 from that of the first half of 1908. Exports were $93,500,000 (increase $7,000,000) and imports $107,250,000 (decrease $20,000,000). The balance of trade in favor of Japan gained $27,000,000.

Health Commissioner Ritchie, of Boston, declares that pneumonia is now the most fatal disease in his jurisdiction. According to the present figures of the board of health, pneumonia comes first, heart disease second and tuberculosis, which was first in 1900, third.

Occasionally the English railway section laborer cooks a rabbit without the aid of a fire. All he does is to cover it with a thick crust of clay and immerse it in quicklime. In about

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

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These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2062—Ladies' Shirt Waist, closing at left side of front. A stylish model for taffetas, pongee or any of the season's shirtings. Seven sizes 32 to 44.

2904—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with long or seven-eighths length sleeves. Any of the sheer white materials are pretty developed in this style. Seven sizes 32 to 44.

2583—Girls' and Child's Russian Dress, closing at left side of front. Serge, mohair, challis or cassimere are all adaptable to this model. Six sizes 2 to 12 years.

3113—Boys' Russian Suit. Dark red serge was used in the development of this neat little model. Four sizes, 2 to 5 years.

2920—Ladies' Five Gored Skirt, closing at left side of front. Adapted to any of the season's suitings. Seven sizes, 22 to 34.

3117—Ladies' Six Gored Raised Waistline Skirt. A very good model for a separate skirt or as part of a suit developed in serge, cheviot, broadcloth or whalebone diagonals. Six sizes, 22 to 32.

2300—Girls' Apron. Adaptable to any of the checked or striped ginghams, cross-barred lawn or cambric. Four sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2171—Ladies' Double Breasted Dressing Sack. A neat model for flannel, flowered cretonne, challis or elderdown. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

3095—Ladies' Fancy Aprons. Adaptable to any of the sheer white materials. One size.

3101—Ladies' Maternity Dress. Pongee, cashmere, mohair or serge, all develop well in this style. Eight sizes 32 to 46.

2812—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with tucked sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. Heavy linen, madras, lawn, pongee or taffetas are excellent for this every-day model. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

3102—Misses' Shirt Waist. A very pretty model for the young miss, developed in cashmere, albatross or voile. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2866—Girls' Dress, with guimpe. Serge, challis, mohair or heavy linen are all adaptable to this little school frock. Four sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2883—Girls' Dress, with high or Dutch Neck. A pretty little party frock developed in white china silk. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

2788—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with inverted box plait at center back seam and at lower part of side front seams. A neat, every-day model developed in serge, mohair, Panama cloth or any of the mixed worsteds. Eight sizes, 22 to 36.

2907—Misses' Five Gored Skirt. Adaptable to any of the season's suitings. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2262—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse closed at right side of front, and knickerbockers. Golden brown serge was used for this dainty little model. Four sizes, 2 to 5 years.

2733—Boys' Blouse or Shirt-Blouse, with or without back yoke facing and permanent turndown collar. Any of the season's shirtings are adaptable to this style. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years.

3089—Misses' Semi-Fitting Princess Dress. Navy blue serge, with chemisette and collar of white serge, makes this a charming model for the young miss. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2966—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing at left side of front, having an attached nine-gored skirt, a removable chemisette, and long or three-quarter sleeves. A neat and stylish model for colleune, pongee or broadcloth. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

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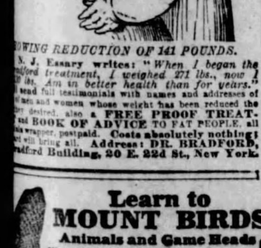

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NAVY OFFICER LOSES SUIT

Magazine Libel Case Is Decided Against Lieut. Wade.

New York, Nov. 13.—The suit for heavy damages brought against the Cosmopolitan Magazine by Charles T. Wade, U. S. N., was decided today in favor of the defendant. It had been charged in the publication complained of that Lieut. Wade, by reason of inexperience, assumed responsibilities which resulted in the boiler explosion on the gunboat Bennington at San Diego, Cal., July 21, 1905, when 60 men were killed and 49 were wounded.

HEADS CAPITAL'S POSTOFFICE

Veteran in Service Is Made Postmaster of Washington.

Washington, Nov. 13.—Dr. Charles P. Grandfield, first assistant postmaster general, was today appointed city postmaster of Washington, D. C., to succeed the late Benjamin E. Barnes. Dr. Grandfield has been in the postal service about 25 years and is thoroughly familiar with all the various reforms that Postmaster General Hitchcock desires to introduce in the registry department, the money order office, and in the administration of postoffices.

BALLINGER THINKS IT'S TIME TO CONSERVE WATER RIGHTS

Washington, Nov. 12.—Taking time by the forelock, Secretary Ballinger today issued an order for the conservation of the water power rights on public lands. Without waiting for decisive legislation to learn what will eventually be done with many lands valuable for water power, the secretary withdrew from disposition over 8,000 acres of such land located in the states of Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Washington and Wyoming, and New Mexico.

This land now being in the public domain, will probably be affected by legislation to be enacted during the next congress. Until congress decides just what is to be done with the land and the terms upon which it is to be utilized, the secretary will keep a tight hold upon it. The land is located as follows:

Six hundred and eighty-four acres on Red Rock Creek, Montana; 1,627 acres on Clark Fork in Montana and Idaho; 3,584 acres on the Gunnison river and tributaries in Colorado and New Mexico; 1,400 on the Klicitat river in Washington; 200 acres along the Judith river in Montana, and 712 acres along the Green river and tributaries in Wyoming.

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as well as clean healthy teeth, free from germs of decay, and an antiseptically clean mouth, adding much to your personal attractiveness. To be sweet and clean use Paxtine, a specialty for dainty women and wholesome men.

Just write your name and address on a postal card and send it to The Paxton Toilet Co., 230 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass., and they will send you at once a trial box of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic—entirely without cost to you.

WARRINER PROBE BY JURY

Mrs. Stewart Summoned to Appear as a Witness.

Cincinnati, Nov. 15.—Investigation of the alleged shortage of Charles L. Warriner, deposed local treasurer of the Big Four railroad, began today at a special session of the Hamilton county grand jury. Warriner was arrested 10 days ago charged with the embezzlement of only $54,500, but subsequent official statements have placed the shortage at $643,000.

Mrs. Jeanette Stewart, or Mrs. Ford, as she is also known, will be summoned as a witness, probably tomorrow. Mrs. Stewart, mentioned by Warriner as one of those to whom he claimed he paid blackmail, had denied that she ever received any money from Warriner. She has hinted at sensational disclosures involving a prominent man of Chicago, formerly in the employ of the Big Four.

OFFICIALS KILLED BY BOMB

Russian Murders Buenos Ayres Chief and Secretary.

Buenos Ayres, Nov. 15.—The chief of police of Buenos Ayres, Senor Falcon, ...secretary were assassinated yesterday while driving in Callao street.

A man, supposed to be a Russian anarchist, but not yet identified, suddenly sprang from a secluded spot where he had been in waiting and threw a bomb directly under the carriage. The vehicle was blown to pieces and both Senor Falcon and the secretary were terribly injured. They were carried to the sidewalk and later were transferred to a hospital, but both died shortly afterward.

Immediately on throwing the bomb the assassin drew a revolver and shot himself. His wound, however, is not expected to prove fatal.

EARTHQUAKE IS RECORDED

Believed to Be as Far Away as South America.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 10.—The seismograph at the New York state museum recorded earth movements today beginning at 1:38 a. m. and ending at 2:40. The earthquake causing the movement was of distant origin, probably in South America. Owing to the minuteness of the vibration it was stated that the exact distance could not be determined.

MOB IS SATIATED

Citizens of Cairo Butcher Two Men and Go Home to Breakfast.

Cairo, Ill., Nov. 12.—Amid orgies such as savages in African jungles enjoy, free-born American citizens last night butchered two men and clamored for the blood of more.

Even more revolting than the murder Monday night of Miss Annie Pelley was the vengeance meted out to Will James, one of the negroes implicated in the crime.

He was dragged to the "Public Arch," that typifies Cairo's civic pride, hanged and riddled with bullets. His head was cut off and stuck on a pike. His heart was cut out, chopped into bits, and the pieces passed around as souvenirs. His mutilated body was thrown on a bonfire and burned.

Second Prisoner Safe.

Efforts were made to get possession of William Alexander, another negro arrested under suspicion, but he was hidden by the officers and this morning is safe in a cell in the county jail.

As an incident of this wild night's work a white man also was lynched. This victim was Henry Salzner, who killed his wife in August. The mob, restive because of delayed justice, took Salzner from the jail, hanged him to a telegraph pole, fired many bullets into his body and then cutting it down let it lie in the street until it was taken away by his father.

Fully 10,000 persons composed the mob that killed these men. Women were among its leaders and their shrill shrieks spurred on the raging horde. Police were powerless, and the one company of militia performed only nominal duty. Governor Deneen sent additional troops from many points, but long before these reinforcements arrived the butchery had been done and the citizens had gone home to breakfast.

Made a Confession.

James is said to have confessed that he killed Miss Pelley, but he declared Alexander took the lead. The girl was an orphan, 22 years old. For two years she had lived in Cairo with a married sister. She was employed as a saleslgirl. When her body was found Tuesday morning it was evident she had been attacked on her way home from work Monday night. She had fought her assailants for two city blocks before they strangled her to death. Her clothing was almost completely torn off and her body was fearfully bruised and lacerated.

Many citizens, while condemning the action of the mobs, are satisfied with the night's work. Mayor Parsons this morning said he did not anticipate any further trouble, even though Alexander is being kept there.

Five other companies of the state militia have arrived and it is expected the 800 men will be able to prevent any outbreak tonight. The city is now quiet. No effort has been made yet to learn the identity of the leaders of the lynchers.

MOB'S LABORS ENDED

Suspected Negro Is Taken From Cairo.

Cairo, Ill., Nov. 13.—Orders for the demobilization of the Fourth regiment of the Illinois National Guard, which has occupied Cairo since early yesterday, are confidently expected by the commanders of the organization today.

The absence last night of any signs of a disposition to renew mob rule and the safe arrival at Kankakee of Arthur Alexander who was escorted from here late yesterday by two companies of militia, led both the local and state authorities to believe that there was no chance of further disturbance in this city.

Alexander, who is suspected of complicity in the murder of Annie Pelley, is the only individual on whom members of the mob have any intent. The announced intention of Sheriff Davis and General Wells was to land the negro at some point so far removed from Cairo that no attempt would be made to take him from the properly constituted peace authorities and it is the general opinion here that this object was fully accomplished by the journey to Kankakee.

It is considered altogether probable that at least half of the militia force of 500 men will be relieved of riot duty today. Just what companies will be sent home is not settled, but among the first to be relieved will be that from Carbondale, Champaign and Effingham. The first of these reached Cairo before daylight yesterday, hours in advance of any other companies except the local contingent of the regiment, while the Effingham and Champaign men were sent north to guard Alexander last night. They probably will be ordered home from Kankakee.

Whether a special grand jury is to be summoned to consider possible charges against members of the mob may also be determined today. State's Attorney Wilson announced his intention of getting in communication with Judge W. N. Butler, of the circuit court, to confer with him. It is likely, however, that the matter will be left for the next regular grand jury which is to meet early in December. Under present conditions of public opinion it is conceded by the local peace authorities that the chances of obtaining indictments against members of Thursday night's mob are remote.

NAGEL SAVES THE SYRIANS

Overrules Aids Who Object to Naturalization.

Washington, Nov. 12.—Secretary Nagel, of the department of commerce and labor, expressed himself yesterday on the subject of the functions of the naturalization division of that department to an effect quite different from that embodied in the recent ruling of Richard K. Campbell, chief of that division, in opposition to the naturalization of Syrians and others of kindred race.

Mr. Nagel said he sees no reason for any action on the part of the department that will cause uneasiness to any class of immigrants.

The... are several cases in the federal courts, and decisions have been rendered in states as widely apart as California, Louisiana and Rhode Island, favorable to the Syrians. Secretary Nagel believes that the personal character of the applicant for citizenship is more important than his nationality.

CORN FOR HUNGRY MEXICO

Government Buys 100,000 Bushels at Chicago.

Mexico City, Nov. 13.—The Mexican government has just closed a contract with the Armour Grain Co., of Chicago, for the purchase and immediate delivery of 100,000 bushels of corn at $1.56, Mexican currency, per bushel. The corn will be sent to the districts of Mexico where there is a shortage of that grain, and the poor people are unable to obtain a supply for their needs.

OBTAINS NEW IDEAS

Aldrich Listens to Men of Minneapolis.

Minneapolis, Nov. 13.—Senator Nelson W. Aldrich while in this city entered on a form of procedure somewhat different from that which he has pursued elsewhere during his tour in the interest of the monetary commission. He was the principal guest at a noonday luncheon and at an evening dinner, both given under the auspices of the bankers' organizations and both taking place at the Minneapolis club.

The innovation was made at the midday meal. There was a general exchange of views and the chairman of the commission took occasion to ask a number of questions which were intended to bring out facts bearing on currency and banking problems.

The subject of consideration was the necessity of the increased sums of money with which to handle the grain crops of the northwest. He expressed a desire for information regarding fluctuations, and was told that from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 are sent west annually from Minneapolis and St. Paul during the crop moving period. The further fact was developed that ordinarily this money does not return until the next year.

The fact was brought out that after the panic of 1907 there were especial difficulties in getting the money returned. Mr. Decker, who presided, stated that it was withheld until the bankers of Minneapolis and St. Paul made an appeal to their brethren of Chicago to stand behind them in insuring a return the next year of the money to the various localities. This assurance received, the cash came pouring in in the usual volume.

The Rhode Island senator found the sentiment here to be decidedly in favor of a more elastic currency. There were many expressions in advocacy of a system that would insure a sufficient volume of money to meet the demands of the harvesting and other shipments of the crops of the region.

Taking advantage of the fact that a large percentage of the population of this section of the country is of Scandinavian origin, Senator Aldrich last night in his dinner speech reviewed the Swedish banking system as worthy of study in any effort at reforming our own system. He said that a most important change had taken place in Sweden within the last few years, and he instanced it with the view evidently of showing that there might not be such great difficulty in bringing ordinary banks to accept a central bank of issue, if desirable.

Last Chance for Free Homesteads.

Yes, a few elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico, where many Americans are now locating. You do not even have to go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information printed in English regarding Mexican homesteads, address The Jantha Plantation Company, Block 464, Pittsburg, Pa. You can have your trees planted and your land worked on shares, so as to bring you a thousand dollars a year. The health conditions are perfect and the climate grand.

MADAM STEINHEIL IS FREED

Found Not Guilty of Murdering Husband and Stepmother.

Paris, Nov. 15.—Mme. Margerita Steinheil was acquitted by the jury early Sunday morning of the murder of her husband, Adolph Steinheil, a noted painter, and her stepmother, Mme. Japey.

The verdict was rendered at 12:55 a. m., after two and a half hours' deliberation, during which the jury thrice summoned the president of the court for explanations, thus proving that the original majority was for conviction.

When the judge pronounced the verdict, her faint murmur of thanks was hardly heard. An instant after, M. Aubin was over the rail, lifting her in his arms. The crowds surged forward in a solid wall, making the rafters ring with cheers. Outside the gloomy court-house tens of thousands, who had been waiting for hours, took up the cheers.

After being assisted out of the courtroom, Mme. Steinheil was conducted from the building by one of the underground passages.

URGE TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD

Southern Doctors Discuss Method of Combating Pellagra.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 11.—The closing day of the Southern Medical convention was marked by a further consideration of pellagra. The transfusion of blood was vigorously advocated as a possible cure in the first and second stages of the disease. Salt baths and salt in small internal doses were also advised.

It was declared the general tendency has been to treat the disease too much as a mysterious scourge and that the best thing possible will be to convince the public that it can be cured in its first stages.

GIVES LAW A NEW TWIST

Employers' Liability Act Holds in the Territories.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The employers liability law of 1906 was today declared to be constitutional in territories of the United States, and the District of Columbia by the supreme court of the United States, despite the fact that more than a year ago this law was declared to be unconstitutional when applied to the states.

The question involves a suit of damages for the death of an employe named Guiteres on the El Paso & Northwestern railroad in New Mexico.

CAREFUL DOCTOR.

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y., and, as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now, after a year on Grape-Nuts, I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

LABOR MEN ASK STAY

Gompers and Associates Appeal to Court.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Application was made today to the district court of appeals by counsel for Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, the labor leaders, whose sentences of imprisonment for contempt of court was recently affirmed by that tribunal, to stay the issuance of the mandate to the supreme court of the District of Columbia until January 2, 1910. The court took the application under consideration and will announce its decision later in the day.

Attorney J. H. Ralston urged the engagement of his associate, Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, as a reason for the desired postponement. He said the time asked would be no more than required for the determination of the step desired to be taken by the labor leaders.

Attorney J. J. Darlington, for the Bucks Stove & Range company, whose injunction suit against the officials of the American Federation of Labor resulted in the contempt sentence, opposed the length of stay asked. He stated that counsel had more than seven months to determine their action in event of an adverse decision. He pointed out to the court that the advices which reach him show that the labor people had made no attempt to obey the injunction prohibiting the enforcement of a boycott against the Bucks company, and were still violating it.

VISITS OLD COLLEGE

President Taft Goes to Connecticut.

Middletown, Conn., Nov. 12.—After having spent nearly a month in the south—and a day in Washington—President Taft came to New England today to find a welcome as demonstrative in its way as any during his long period of travel.

The President's visit was primarily to attend the installation of Dr. William Arnold Shanklin as president of Wesleyan university. The city, however, took to itself a large share of honor and prepared an elaborate military and civic parade in which Mr. Taft participated.

Vice President Sherman came with President Taft from Washington on board the car Mayflower. The party arrived at 8:30 a. m. Shortly before 6 o'clock this evening President Taft will leave for Hartford to dedicate the new state armory there and to lead the state ball in the new building tonight.

The Wesleyan installation ceremonies were held this morning in Middlesex theatre, and President Taft's address, which he delivered extemporaneously, came next to last on the long program. Eminent educators, university and college presidents from all sections of the country, attended. The fact that Dr. Shanklin came from the west to take charge of an old eastern university had much to do with calling out a large representation from the eastern colleges as an evidence of hospitable welcome.

President Hadley, of Yale; Dr. Abram W. Harris, Dr. M. W. Stryker, Arthur T. Vanderbilt, Senator Root of New York, and Stephen H. Olin were among the speakers at the ceremonies of installation.

A luncheon at Fisk hall this afternoon was followed by the formal presentation of delegates to President Shanklin and President Taft in Fayerweather gymnasium.

ROOSEVELT SAYS HE'S WELL

Mombasa, British East Africa, Nov. 13.—News of the American hunting expedition was received here today direct from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. The message states that there is nothing whatever wrong with the party.

90 DAYS FOR SHERIFF

Supreme Court of Nation Passes Sentence on on Shipp.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Ninety days' imprisonment was imposed today upon ex-Sheriff Joseph F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, Tenn., by the supreme court of the United States for contempt of court in failing to prevent the lynching of a negro, Ed. Johnson, convicted of rape, but whose execution had been stayed by the court.

Five of Shipp's deputies were called to the bar at the same time. Williams and Nolan were sentenced to 90 days each and Gibson, Padgett and Moyers to 60 days each.

Chief Justice Fuller, who pronounced the sentence, designated the United States jail in the District of Columbia as the place of imprisonment. Attorneys for the prisoners before the bar asked on account of the difference in climate that the federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia, be substituted for the district. To this Attorney General Wickersham objected, saying that the Atlanta prison was for long term prisoners, and that the jail was much more suited for the present purpose. The court took the request under advisement, and asked the marshal of the court to retain the prisoners in his custody for the time being.

Only once before in the history of the United States has an individual been sentenced by the supreme court, and this was the first time a jail sentence has been pronounced. In 1875, John Chiles, a business man of Texas, was brought before the court for contempt in connection with dealings in Texas indemnity bonds, contrary to order of the spreme court. He was fined $250.

The case today originated in the court's decision in March, 1906, to consider the appeal of Johnson from a verdict of the Tennssee court's holding him guilty and sentencing him to be hanged on a charge of assault. The night after the determination of the supreme court to review the proceedings was wired to Chattanooga, a mob stormed the jail, took the prisoner out and lynched him.

The court was much incensed by the lynching, and at its instance the attorney general instituted proceedings against Sheriff Shipp, Jailer Gibson and 25 others supposed to have been implicated in the lynching, charging them with contempt. Many of the accused were exonerated, and in the end only six were found guilty.

The finding of the court was announced in May, just before the close of the last term of court, but all the defendants entered motions of rehearing, which had the effect of postponing action until this fall. On November 1 rehearing was denied and the six men ordered before the court for sentence today.

Before adjourning, the court decided to adhere to its decision to send the prisoners to the District jail. This was done after Solicitor Bowers had told the court that the Atlanta prison corresponded in all particulars to a state penitentiary. The chief justice said the question of the place of imprisonment might be brought up again after the Thanksgiving holidays.

The marshal of the court deputized the marshal of the District of Columbia to take the men to jail, and at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon they were behind the bars.

WAITER LEAVES HALF MILLION

Had Worked in Delmonico's Nearly Forty Years.

New York, Nov. 11.—Tips and his savings were so wisely invested by James Thielman, head waiter at Delmonico's, that when he died recently he left an estate valued at half a million dollars. This amount of the estate became known today, when his wife applied for letters of administration of the estate. Prior to becoming head waiter Thielman, from 1872, had worked as an ordinary waiter in Delmonico's.

WONDERFUL GERMAN REMEDY.

Family Remedy Discovered 300 Years Ago for Skin Troubles.

I want everyone suffering from carbuncles, milk leg, piles, cancer, tumor, boils, sore eyes, skin diseases ulcers, cuts, bruises, dog bites, chilblains, corns or rheumatism to use **Heirloom Salve.** I want everyone who wants to save suffering and doctors' bills to cure themselves at home with this wonderful old German family remedy.

This remedy was discovered nearly 300 years ago at Cloister, Marchthal, Wurstemberg, Germany, by Prior Schwarz, and has been handed down in my family. Its healing powers have astonished physicians for centuries. When I was delirious from fever and in terrible pain with a tumor on the left side, I applied the salve and in two days the tumor opened and the impurities passed away, and since then I have never had a return of this ailment.

I want everybody to know what this grand and inexpensive "Heirloom" will do, and about the hundreds of cases wherein it has accomplished almost miraculous results.

If you will write me today I will tell you all about this ancient German Remedy and how to use it at home, and I will help you to health.

MRS. O. REUTER,
346 E. 25th St., Kansas City, Mo.

SERVICE WITH GOVERNMENT DEATH BLOW TO AMBITION

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

Washington, Nov. 15.—One is at a loss to understand why there are so many applicants for examination for appointment in the civil service at every examination which is held, either in Washington or elsewhere. The list grows longer, and those who pass are more numerous, no matter for what class the examination is held.

In these numbers there are both men and women graduates of high schools and colleges, of all ages admissible under the rules. It is claimed that women are in the majority of those whose scores are the highest.

Stenography and typewriting being universally used, there is a greater demand for operators and stenographers than for ordinary clerks. Expert scribes are very few, the departments experiencing great trouble in securing penmen who can enroll and engross commissions and other documents that must be engrossed with a pen.

There is no occupation more confining than that of being employed by the government and sitting all day long in the vitiated air of the departments. The routine and monotony of the very best work in the departments is of such a character as to destroy all individuality and one becomes, in one sense of the word, a perfect machine, as there is rarely any work that requires any thought whatever, and all is performed absolutely mechanically.

I have watched the careers of very many young men and women who have come to Washington and secured employment in one or the other of the departments, and—there is scarcely an exception to the rule—they become spiritless, lacking in ambition, and reach a point where there seems nothing for them to do but to resign themselves to a life of monotony and confinement.

Mr. McHarg, in a recent interview, has not overdrawn the picture, and he strongly advises against seeking employment in the departments of the government, especially for men.

Once on the payroll they seem to lose all courage, and to be willing to accept their monthly salary, forgetting that they are growing older and older in the service, and finally will be unable to tear themselves away from a certainty and obtain a private business or employment outside. They seem to think they never reach a point when they can give up a certainty for uncertainty.

There are men in the departments today who have been there from 25 to 45 years, who are nothing more or less than automatons, and it is pitiful to see them going their weary rounds year in and year out without any change in their lives, accomplishing nothing more than their daily tasks at their desks in the departments.

They have no inspiration and little interest in anything outside of the four walls of the department in which they are earning their daily bread. They never seem to realize that the older they grow the less capable they are for higher and more important positions.

If among them there appears a bright, active, ambitious person, he can depend upon it that he is in the minority, and that the majority will be conspiring against him to prevent him from making the progress that perhaps he would accomplish if he were out in the world in competition with rivals, and obliged to exercise his mentality and energies to succeed.

There are, of course, instances in the departments that are very pathetic. Many have been employed that would not have been able to earn a competency elsewhere.

One recalls with tender sympathy the life and character of Mrs. Gridley, the mother of Captain Gridley, who died recently at the advanced age of 84 years. She was a charming woman, and in her was really a very remarkable person. She filled a position in one of the departments for many years, having been appointed to a clerkship through the influence of Zachariah Chandler during the Civil war. She was a widow and was, through this appointment, enabled to educate her son; Captain Gridley having been prepared for Annapolis through his mother's management and devotion. Her other son was well educated, but is now in one of the departments in Washington.

She was never awarded a pension, notwithstanding she had no regular support, because her son, Captain Gridley, had married, and the pension was given to his widow. His poor old mother got nothing but her regular salary, which she earned to within a very short time prior to her death. Had it been possible for her to have obtained employment outside, she would doubtless have proven that she was a woman of rare ability.

The departments have been a great benefaction to maimed soldiers, their widows and daughters. Yet it seems unfortunate that the necessities of life have been such as to dwarf the careers of many of these bright, young people, who are daily following in the footsteps of their predecessors, with little hope beyond the daily demands of their uneventful lives.

RASH ALL OVER BODY

Awful, Crusted, Weeping Eczema on Little Sufferer—A Score of Treatments Prove Dismal Failures.

CURE ACHIEVED BY CUTICURA

"My little boy had an awful rash all over his body and the doctor said it was eczema. It was terrible and used to water awfully. Any place the water went it would form another sore and it would become crusted. A score or more physicians failed utterly and dismally in their efforts to remove the trouble. Then I was told to use the Cuticura Remedies, I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and before we had used half the Resolvent I could see a change in him. In about two months he was entirely well. George F. Lambert, 139 West Centre St., Mahanoy City, Pa., Sept. 26 and Nov. 4, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

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WANTED! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by Mail. Send for application blank. Give age, and name position. I. Railway C. I. No. 38. Indianapolis, Ind.

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I will send to anyone suffering with catarrh, deafness or head noises my mild home remedies, all charges prepaid on 15 days' trial. Write today. Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 177, Des Moines, Ia.

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WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address, (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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LADIES Our new "Protector" is safe and sure. Price $1.00. Every woman wants one. Made of silk rubber. Fairbank Supply House, M-M 60 Wabash, Chicago.

WHY REMAIN where the climatic conditions are so much against you, when you can purchase the richest land at lowest prices, in the county of Manatee, on which you can raise abundant fruit and vegetable crops the entire year? A ten-acre farm here will net you as much as a hundred acres in the northern states. Delightful climate, no droughts, convenient to markets, abundant labor, good schools. Go

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

OVER THE RIVER

Elizabeth Ayres

Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?

It was a rich, deep, searching voice that sang this old, old song, filling the stuffy hotel parlor with a glorious melody that penetrated through the walls and rang down the corridors.

Holy, fair and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her—

"Why, Ah'm Sylvia, but it has been a long taime since Ah've heard that beautiful song. You'ah voice is pofect, madame."

The sudden interruption startled the singer, and the ballad ended abruptly with a discordant crash of the piano keys. Whirling around the musician discovered, in the twilight of the room, a quaint little figure, decked in a gay silk gown, punctuated here and there with odds and ends of ribbons and laces. The figure's black eyes sparkled like gems above her rouged cheeks, and her silver-threaded hair was caught back in a mass of girlish ringlets. Clasping her hands she implored, "Ah beg you'ah pahdon, but please, moah music. You'ah voice is pofectly chommin'. We heah so little real music in this paht of Va'ginia."

Mrs. Eliot had found nothing to interest her in the sleepy city of Danville, and during her enforced stay time had passed with dragging wings. Any diversion was welcome, and this one was so out of the ordinary that she turned eagerly to the tiny creature who had appeared so silently and mysteriously.

"Are you a woman or a child? I am nearsighted," she explained.

"Why Ah'm a woman, of coase," was the smiling answer. "See?" the little lady said with a laugh, standing before the other; "see the cobwebs of taime?" she questioned, touching her delicate face, crisscrossed with a network of fine lines.

"Of coase you know Ah'm rouged, but we women, we naughty, naughty women have ouah follies. Ah'm Sylvia Curtis," she stated simply, as if the name was all sufficient.

"You have heard of the Curtises of Va'ginia? No? Perhaps you are from the noath. Ah'm a Curtis, and the last of the line."

Under the circumstances her listener reluctantly acknowledged her nativity. There was no bitterness in the heart of Sylvia, for she retained her friendly manner and beckoned Mrs. Eliot to the window. She pointed across the river Dan where, on the heights of the opposite shore, stood an old-time southern mansion. It had fallen into decay, but, from the distance, the white Doric columns supporting the lofty roof of the wide veranda gleamed as if the paint had been applied but yesterday.

"That was ouah hoase befo' the wah. We had pofectly gran' taimes ovah the rivah, and Ah was Sylvia, whom all the swains commended.

"Is she kind as she is fath?
Fo' beauty lives with kindness;
Love doth to her eyes repath,
To help him of his blindness,"

She chanted in faint, sweet tones, with all the coquetry and graces of a reigning beauty.

"Sing once moah Who Is Sylvia? and then Ah'll tell you all aboat this Sylvia."

Again the exquisite harmony filled the air. Sylvia Curtis listened in an ectasy of delight, gazing dreamily through the window at the stately dwelling, while memory peopled its deserted halls with shadows of the dead and gone.

"La, la, la, la; la, la, la, la," she echoed lightly, following the measures of the song.

There was not a trace of sadness in her expression. She was as blithe and merry as though the present was like the joyous days of her girlhood, and when the music ceased she sat in a gaudily upholstered chair like a queen upon her throne giving audience to her subjects.

"Come close by mah side," she commanded, "and let me tell you that Sylvia Curtis was the toast of the county befo' the wah. Fathah was rich, we owned many niggahs, and I was educated in New Yoak. Ah played the piano and harp, and Ah was raight well liked all ovah the Soath. We had hoase pahties, and dinnahs and balls, and all the gentlemen were devoted to Sylvia. Ah had lovahs and lovahs, and a pofectly ahdeal taime—till the wah broake out. Fathah and brothah and lovahs all ma'ched away and nevah came back to the plantation. Mothah died of grief, ouah slaves went nawth, and Ah was left alone. They told me Ah was poo'. Ah couldn't believe it, but one wintah I was cold and hungry, then Ah knew. The hoase was so still. Ah was only 16, but Ah made up my mahnd Ah must do something, so Sylvia found a position as governess.

"Mah mistress," she continued, with a meaning uplifting of her brows, "though Ah was too young to teach her children. She had a brothah, you know. When Ah went away, her brothah and I were engaged to be mahied, but he was was poo', so we had to wait. Ah played and sang in concerts fo' a while, and spent the summahs in the old hoase across the rivah. Ah didn't own it. Ah don't raghtly know who did, but it was vacant, so Ah just stayed there when Ah had no other sheltah.

"One day mah lovah came fo' a visit. There was a fea'ful stohm, and his hoarse was fraghtened and threw him, just as he was rahdin' through the yoard. Ah was standing, waiting on the veranda."

She paused in her recital and, for an instant, her lips quivered, then she led Mrs. Eliot to the window and showed her what she said was a box-wood hedge bordering the driveway. In the dim twilight, the shrubbery looked like a tangle of stunted trees, so tall and wild it had grown with the lapse of years and lack of pruning.

"He fell in front of the doo', and when they took him up, Ah knew Ah was alone.

"No, Ah nevah mahied. Ah had othah lovahs, of coase; we ladies of the soath nevah want fo' lovahs, but Ah didn't care to marry."

"Do you know, Ah was never sad? Ah reckon Ah was bohn to be happy, and, in mah mahnd, Ah's always Sylvia Curtis, the toast of the county. Ah wish Ah could play and sing fo' you, but mah fingers are stiff and mah voice—Oh, deah, it's gone with the pas'. But Ah can dance, see?" and daintily lifting her skirts to the tops of her doll-like shoes, the little lady glided through the mazes of an old-time dance, swaying and bending with low, graceful courtesies to imaginary courtiers.

"And the tinkling harp is vibrant, and the lady lifts her train," thought Mrs. Eliot, who had watched and listened, with tears of pity in her eyes.

"Sometaimes," Sylvia went on, when she had finished her quaint steps, "Ah goah ovah to the old hoase, and up in the ball room Ah dance to the music of long ago, and Ah heah soft whispahs and low laughtah. People think Ah's crazy, but Sylvia knows. Mah friends are there; it is the othahs that cannot see," and she nodded very wisely.

"Yes, Ah live raght heah, where Ah can see ovah the rivah. Tonaght theres' going to be a pahty and Sylvia will be the belle of all the company. Ah would invite you, but you are from the noath and the othahs maght be angry.

"Watch the old hoase tonaght," she whispered mysteriously, "there'll be laights and music and merry taimes."

She was gone as suddenly and swiftly as she had come. She might have been a wraith only for the lilt of faint, sweet notes floating down the hallway—

"Who is Sylvia? What is she?
La, la, la, la; la, la, la, la."

"Remembah, there'll be music and dancing ovah the rivah. Watch the old hoase; there'll be lights and merry taimes," she called back happily, and again she trilled:

"Then to Sylvia let us sing,
La, la, la, la; la, la, la, la."

A door closed, and there was silence.

COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

FROM ARKANSAS

The Blade is a very welcome visitor in my home and I greatly enjoy reading the Cozy Corner. The paper comes to me in Arkansas now, as I left the north several years ago for this state, and I think it is an all around good one. Too many people that come here from the north seem to think that money can be raised on "the bushes." This is true to a certain extent, that is, if the "bush" is big enough, as there is much money to be made in the timber works, lumber mills, etc.

Farm products bring a good price the year round and most everything can be raised, though cotton is the main crop. Fruit does well here. Much is said of the unhealthfulness of the state, but taken as a whole, I think it is as healthful as any other. Of course in the bottom lands it is not as healthful as in the high lands, but this is true of any place. Cattle and hogs do well here, and, there being no stock law, they may run out until Christmas with very little feed. The weather is usually fine until the holidays, and then, for about three months there is a good deal of rain and disagreeable weather. The people, as a rule, are up to date in dress and manners as are found anywhere, though occasionally one comes across a family living, as did their forefathers, in a one-room log hut and cooking in an open fire place, but for true hospitality none of them can be beaten.—Mrs. B. E. L.

I am sorry it is "against the rules" to print your inquiry. Can't you find a physician to help you?—Editor.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

Well, really, pickling time is just over with me, and I am reminded that I have remained silent a long while since my promise to write again appeared in The Cozy Corner. I said I would tell you how I obtain my happiness. Just make everyone around you happy, and your cup will soon be running over. When your husband seems down-hearted, cheer him by making things as pleasant as possible, and do not be continually worrying him with your little home affairs. He has troubles of his own. When the baby is fretful, stop your work for a few moments and amuse him. He will soon forget his little trouble, and you can go about your business with double speed and less worry.

Teach the children to wait on themselves so far as they are able. Self-help soon becomes a part of their nature and will save "mother" many steps. When you feel tired out with household duties, take a little outing with the children. They will enjoy your company so much and your mind will be so refreshed that when you return home you can go about your work with more interest and energy. Do not be so taken up with your own affairs that you cannot notice those less fortunate than yourself. I always enjoyed paying particular attention to the seemingly "cast-off" ones. We never know what a kind word or deed may do for them. When but a young girl I have visited some of the very poorest and humblest homes where, perhaps, there were only two old people, and I have carried with me some laid-away article which would bring light in their dim eyes, and I was made happy by doing these things.

There are always such in reach of us all; then why should we be contented to keep all of our comforts at home, and spend all of our time for self. We cannot be happy when we are selfish.

My husband is kind and my children are healthy, and I am—Happy Wife and Mother No. 1.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

Thanksgiving Salad:—Slice cabbage thin, season with salt, pepper, sugar, vinegar and sour cream. Stir until foamy, then place in a fancy dish. Garnish the top of the salad with red beets cut in cubes and with rings of hard-boiled eggs. Around the edge of the dish insert the tender leaves of celery. The salad is both pretty to look at and good to eat.

Log Cabin Cake:—Bake a dark cake in square tins. Before serving cut in finger slices and place on small plates, log cabin fashion. Fill the center with strawberries or other fruit and cover with whipped cream. The filling is an adjustable matter and may be of canned or fresh fruit, or jelly.

A Pretty Centerpiece for the Thanksgiving Table:—Make a small boat, about a foot long, out of cardboard. Cover with white, crepe paper, and line the boat with pink or green paper, then fill with apples, bananas, oranges and grapes. Let the grapes droop over the side of the boat. Place a small flag in the center. Set the boat on an oblong mirror, if you have one, and edge the mirror with fern leaves. —From Mrs. A. A. B.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

In a recent letter from one of our valued contributors to the Cosy Corner, was this: "Some time ago, some one wondered why we did not want our names published. It is so our friends may not know when our letters go in the waste basket. If they see them announced in the paper and do not see them in print then they tease us. This is why some do not write oftener."

I am very sorry there should be this feeling. The list of letters received is printed as a matter of courtesy to let you know I am glad to hear from you. It is simply a way of thanking you for writing. It is impossible to print all of the letters, because many times, several of them, deal with the same subject, or, owing to lack of space, they are held over until they are out of date. It helps me to have you interested enough to write. Your letters are the only means I have of becoming acquainted with you, and frequently they give me an idea I might not have had without your assistance. Not one letter is wasted, though it may have to go into the waste basket. Every one is read, and you tell me more about yourselves in your letters than you have knowledge of. Sign your real name for publication, or not, just as you please, but keep on writing. I want to know you. Some of you will understand me in this; some of you will not, but I hope that in a beautiful "some day" we shall all come together in perfect understanding and live up to the spirit of our motto, which is "Help one another." Bury your pride. That is one reason you are "teased" when your letters are not printed. As ever yours, Elizabeth.

Our latest letters are from Household Friend, Bee, Mic Higan, E. L. M., Holly, Distant Cousin and Aunt Em. Thank you.

To quote from Antony's famous speech in Shakespeare's play, Julius Caesar: "Friends, Romans, country men, lend me your ears;" only in this case it is your eyes I am wanting to let you know that we have no objections to more subscribers. We want all we can get, because the larger number we have the better paper in more ways than one we can give you. If you like us, let it be known abroad, and read the announcement which appears on the fourth page the last week in every month. Get all you can to join us. The more we have the better it will be for all parties concerned. Yours truly, Elizabeth.

A GREAT AMERICAN CARNIVAL

A carnival, like which there is nothing under the sun, is Frontier Day at Cheyenne, Wyoming. The carnival has become a national event, and the thirteenth annual celebration was held this year in the latter part of August. Frontier Day is described, and its scenes pictured, in the November number of The World Today, and from this description, written by Ivan Dunklee, the following account is taken:

With its incomparable exhibition of the best horsemanship in the world; its marvelous demonstration of the typical American spirit that welcomes obstacles and exults over difficulties, the celebration is at the height of its spectacular glory today—but the end is in sight.

Conditions are changed now. Cowboys do not have to live the life that was once necessary, and the reclamation of great waste plains is shortening up the regions where the wild horses live. Therefore, the requiem over the passing of the wild horse has already begun and soon the species will be as extinct as the buffalo. And Frontier Day, without a wild horse would be Hamlet without the melancholy Dane.

To imagine the carnival as it is enacted up in Wyoming, one must first of all conceive the scene as one beholds it on an August day with the cool breezes blowing. There, on a vast prairie, as unbroken and calm as the ocean sometimes is when, for a brief time, it seems as though the very heart of the mighty waters had ceased to beat, one sees the half-mile race-course, the judge's stand, and a semi-circular setting of grandstand seats and bleachers. The one feature distinguishing this scene from any other racecourse is a high-posted, heavily built corral, one section of it filled with wild steers and the other with wild and outlaw horses.

What are wild and outlaw horses? There are regions in the far-reaching, trackless plains where there are herds of wild horses; very many of these horses have never beheld a human being. They are as wild as the tornadoes that sometimes sweep over the plains. For thirteen years now it has been the custom to lasso a bunch of these wild creatures and take them to Cheyenne on Frontier Day, there to make their debut before the "Lords of civilization." When the "Roman Holiday" is over, they are led back to the primeval regions and for another year left to their own devices in solitude. Any man may have one of these wild horses for the catching. The great majority of them can be broken in, and often they make the best of carriage and race horses. When a man

COWGIRLS OF WYOMING.

has broken a wild horse he brands it and the horse is his property.

An outlaw is a wild horse that cannot be broken. Nothing can subdue the fiery spirit of these lordly outlaws; let a man attempt to mount and that is the signal for such bucking and pitching, such "sun-fishing" and "milling," such zigzagging and leaping as was never seen before. But their hauteur, their insolence, their resentful rebellion is the joy of the multitude on the benches.

As to picturesqueness, nothing could surpass the dashing brilliancy of this unique carnival up in Wyoming. This year there was a record-breaking attendance, and the most vivid coloring in costume that was ever seen on the field. Every rough rider to a man wore a silk shirt in the gayest of hue. In front of the judges' stand the smartly uniformed bands are stationed. When one rests another starts in, and the entire day is set to music.

Special after special, all crowded, have rolled onto the grounds, the benches are filled, the judges are in place, the band has begun, and excitement is tense when, on the circular green within the race courses, a thousand cowboys and cowgirls, in colors as gay as the silk shirts of the men, tighten rein. A tremendous cloud of dust arises, obscuring the riders until they look as though they moved in a cloud of fog, and out into the race course they come, filing through an opening in the fence enclosing the oval. Twice around the course at breakneck speed they gallop with a joyous abandon that causes some to leap into the saddles, and as they ride, spurring their horses on to greater speed, they one and all throw up a hand in triumph and shout as they pass the cheering masses on the benches.

The weird medley of rough riders is led by a company of Indians, a pitiful handful of the great hordes that once roamed the plains; braves, squaws and papooses, attired, as in days of old, with eagle feather headdresses slashed leather, blankets and fine beadwork.

A race as thoroughly enjoyed as a comedy is the one run by the Indian squaws. Cleverly swathing the body and each limb in one great blanket, until a riding costume as compact as a man's is achieved, their hair hanging in braids, they mount and scurry away like brilliant autumn leaves before the gale. It is serious business with the squaws, but it is high comedy for the spectators, and there is much hilarious laughter. Then a band of full-blooded Sioux chiefs, young bucks, squaws and papooses join in a war dance that seems but a faint echo of the real ones given not more than 50 years ago.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
Tto all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

As Miss Prudence mentioned the fact that an answer was wanted in regard to the voting question, I will say in as few words as possible I do not think a woman should vote.

Perhaps some will ask why? Well, simply because there isn't any need. If by women voting they would be doing their country a national service, then yes, by all means.

As Pennemite Jake said, "Women are as intelligent and fair-minded as men," I, too, agreed with that, but morally I'm sorry to say, judging from reports, I think it an even stand-off.

So if one woman votes, and has the right, so has another. I think that there would be the same results in the end as now; there would be as many poor voters on the women's side as on the men's. There would be, of course, more voters, but think it very doubtful if they would better things any. I think the women now have a large enough "field of rights."

I wonder if any of the rest will agree with me?

California Cow Girl, don't you sometimes get lonesome out on the prairies? I imagine I should, but think I should love them all the same.

I truly hope, Marua, that those stars don't fool you when it comes to finding your life partner.

My birth date is February 15, and I shall be 18 in 1910, so please tell me my history, past, present and future, so I can know if I could ever vote or not. With every good wish to you all, I am, as ever—Gladys of the Wild Rose State.

I have been a constant reader of The Blade for quite a while. I have often thought of writing a few lines to the Household page, but have never had the courage until I read Backwoodsan's letter on the question Shall Woman Vote? Backwoodsan has taken the negative side, so I will take the affirmative, and say "woman shall vote."

If woman has to abide by the laws of our country, why has not she a right to help enact, enforce and have a voice in the making of these laws? If she is compelled by law to pay taxes on property which she holds in her name, and if she helps to build up this good old country of ours, why has she not a right to say as to which laws shall rule the country she has helped to build and make what it is?

Dear readers of the M. G. R., how many of you think that your mother, who, with tender care has brought you up from infancy to manhood, your sister, who is as bright and intelligent as any male citizen in these United States, your wife, who is your daily companion, and your own daughters, who with loving care you have watched bud into womanhood, have the right to walk up to the election polls and cast their vote for their fellow beings to hold office. Why have not they as good a right to vote for the country that they have helped to make what it is as the foreigners who did not help build and make our country. Just think how many foreigners who have been here long enough to become naturalized citizens can go to the election polls and have more personal liberties than your own mother, sister, wife or daughter. If the women of our country have not the right of suffrage, they should not be allowed to take up professional callings, such as the law, medicine, or any business where they are required to perform services which are governed by stringent laws. If they are not equal to men in intelligence, why does man seek their company? What would our country be if no woman influence was here to help and protect the rights of civilization. It was your mother who tried to teach you to be kind and unselfish towards others and if you did wrong she would talk to you and try to get you to be kind and gentle. All of these things are done by woman, and woman alone. So if we are not grateful now for what woman has done, it is not likely we ever will be. Here I shall close my side of the question and listen to what others have to say. The next time I come it will be with a description of the eastern part of Ohio, in which I live. With best wishes.—A Mother's Son From Ohio.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

I want to call your attention to the department in the Cozy Corner, headed "Our Correspondents." Kindly read the first part of it, as the explanation regarding the publishing of the letters applies to the M. G. R. as well as to the C. C. Yours truly, Miss Prudence.

I am proud of the M. G. R.'s who have written letters upon the suffrage question. The ideas, whether "for or against," are well thought out and well expressed. I fear it will be impossible to print all the letters, but you may rest assured they are much appreciated by Miss Prudence and have been carefully read. Next week I am going to interrupt the discussion by using an article by our "Olive Branch," who has written about What We Owe to One Another. After that we shall have a few more suffrage letters.

Lately we have heard from Pansy-Eyed Nell, Little Blackie, Western Wonder, Ralph J. Burton, Justa Friend, Gwendoline from Ohio, Mrs. E. K., and Isabelle Maude.

Justa Friend—By all means write the descriptive letter you mention. We like them. Variety keeps the column more interesting.

Wanted—More subscribers for The Blade. We want to make the paper the "best ever," and that is one way to help make it. It's good now, if I do say it that shouldn't but nothing is so good that it cannot be improved, so if you like us, keep up your own subscription and recommend us to others. Our club offer appears on the fourth page the last week in every month. Read it and get busy.

Those who say "I can't," are likely to prove the truth of their assertion. The same rule works another way in the case of "I can."

Be courteous to everyone with whom you come in contact. It is something which is a benefit, whether it is practiced or received. There is none so high or none so low who is not the better for courteous treatment.

JUST BY THE WAY

By Beth

If it were generally known what a fascination there is in making people good natured, whether they want to be or not, everyone would be busied with the practice. It often happens that we encounter those who seem to to encased in an impenetrable shell of reserve, aloofness and bad temper, but always in this shell is some point that is vulnerable. There is no wall built by moods which cannot be broken through by unfailing good-nature and a friendly manner.

It is the first impulse, when a friendly advance or greeting is met by a rebuff, to return in kind that which is given. We are foolish to do it. Ignore the rebuff or "get back" with some pleasant word, and the ice is soon melted. This plan may not work the first time it is tried, but eventually it will conquer, and many a good friend is won by this method.

This is especially true with those whose occupations keep them at the beck and call of others. They have many trials and irritations of which the public is ignorant.

"I don't like that clerk who waited on me," you say. "She is so impertinent and indifferent."

Take into consideration there may have been something in your manner that caused her action. There is usually a cause for everything, but courtesy and kindly treatment will prevent many unpleasant effects.

Take my word for it, you will get joy out of making people good-natured, and the harder they are to get near to, the more fascinating is the endeavor.

What is the use of getting "mad," just because someone else happens to be in a bad humor and fails to be responsive to your good intentions?

P. S.:—I've just had an opportunity to practice what I've been preaching. I went shopping in search of an article that was difficult to find. In one of the stores I saw something I thought might serve the purpose. It was in a tray in a locked showcase. The young woman behind the counter, unlocked the case and brought out the tray, but with very evident unwillingness. Unfortunately the article in the tray did not prove to be what I wanted. I expressed my regret for causing her so much trouble and said "Thank you" in my most polite manner. Neither regret nor thanks were pacifying. The young woman's flushed face and firmly set lips plainly showed her anger. And she said not a word.

Thinks I to myself, "you are making yourself far more unhappy than you are making me, and it's too bad that you cannot understand it."

There is one thing certain. I have to go back to that shop, and go again until I get the young woman good-natured.

Two women stood in front of a shop window which was filled with pictures. They were looking with appreciative eyes at the display of paintings, engravings and etchings. One of the women was plainly clad and the lines on her face would lead one to think her way had been over rough places. The other was one of those who, judging by her appearance, lived in the smooth of life. One picture in particular caught and held their attention. It was a small painting of a plain, old house of the kind that is found on farms that have been abandoned, though it was without the air of desolation. Its board walls had either never been painted, or else they had long been strangers to the brush of the painter. They had the soft, gray shading that comes from the pigments of sunshine, wind and rain. There was a patch of green showing between the old-fashioned picket fence with its gate swung open. The soft gray of the house formed a beautiful background to the ancient, long-limbed apple trees, foamed over with their pink-tinted blossoms. It was a picture that made one think of the tillers of the soil, of whole-hearted hospitality, and most of all of "home and mother."

The two women who were looking at it turned toward each involuntarily.

"Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed the woman who seemed to be having the best of life.

The one whose appearance spoke of the hard side of things, responded immediately.

"How beautiful it is," she said, almost sighing.

For a few moments longer they stood side by side, absorbing the picture and both reading from it the same meaning; then they parted, perhaps never to meet again, but they left each other with an exchange of friendly smiles and the feeling that theirs had been a pleasant meeting.

It was just another case of the oft-quoted and ever true saying: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

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I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days, you can keep the present pair forever without a cent of pay and

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If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat gold Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—

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We want to send you free a 50c package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm; also our booklet, "The Perfect Figure." Dr. Kelly used this treatment herself and it increased her own and her patients' bust measurements from 4 to 7 inches. Write today and enclose 10c to help pay distribution expenses, and a 50c treatment will be mailed at once in plain package. DR. KELLY CO., Dept. 44 G. Buffalo, N. Y.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE LIGHTNING-ROD DISPENSER

By Will Carleton.

Which this railroad smash reminds me,
in an underhanded way,
Of a lightning-rod dispenser that came
down on me one day;
Oiled to order in his motions, sanctimonious in his mien—
Hands as white as any baby's, an' a face unnat-ral clean;
Not a wrinkle had his raiment, teeth and linen glittered white,
And his new constructed necktie was an interesting sight!
Which I almost wish a razor had made red that white-skinned throat,
And that new constructed necktie had composed a hangman's knot,
Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass for my women folks to see,
And his buzz-saw tongue a-runnin' for to gouge a gash in me!
Still I couldn't help but like him—as I fear I al'ays must,
The gold of my own opinions in a fellow-heap o' dust;
For I saw that my opinions, when I fired them round by round,
Brought back an answering volley of a mighty similar sound.

I touched him on religion and the joys my heart had known,
And I found that he had very similar notions of his own!
I told him of the doubtings that made sad my boyhood years;
Why, he'd laid 'wake till morning with that same old breed of fears!
I pointed up the pathway that I hoped to heaven to go;
He was on that very ladder, only just a round below!
Our politics were different, and at first he asked him, would he stay?
And he set him down among us—everlastin' trim and neat—
And he asked a short crisp blessin' almost good enough to eat!
Then he fired up on the mercies of our Everlastin' Friend,
Till he'd gi'n the Lord Almighty a good, first-class recommend;
And for full an hour we listened to that sugar-coated scamp—
Talkin' like a blessed angel—eatin' like a blasted tramp!

My wife—she liked the stranger, smiling on him, warm and sweet;
(It al'ays flatters women when their guests are on the eat!)
And he hinted that some ladies never lose their youthful charms,
And caressed her yearlin' baby and received it in his arms.
My son and daughters liked him—for he had progressive views,
And he chewed the cud o' fancy, and g'in down the latest news;
And I couldn't help but like him—as, I fear, I al'ays must,
The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow-heap o' dust.

He was chiselin' desolation through a piece of apple pie,
When he paused an' gazed upon us, with a tear in his off-eye,
And said: "Oh, happy family! Your joys they make me sad!
They all the time remind me of the dear ones once I had!
A babe as sweet as this one, a wife almost as fair;
A little girl with ringlets—like that one over there.
But had I not neglected the means within my way,
Then they might still be living and loving me today.

"One night there came a tempest; the thunder peals were dire;
The clouds that marched above us were shooting bolts of fire;
In my own house, I, lying, was thinking, to my blame,
How little I had guarded against those bolts of flame,
When crash!—through roof and ceiling the deadly lightning cleft
And killed my wife and children, and only I was left!

"Since then afar I've wandered and naught for life have cared,
Save to save others' loved ones whose lives have yet been spared;
Since then, it is my mission, where'er by sorrow tossed,
To sell to worthy people good lightning-rods at cost.
With sure and strong protection I'll clothe your buildings o'er;
'Twill cost you twenty dollars (perhaps a trifle more;
Whatever else it comes to, at lowest cost I'll put;
You simply sign a contract to pay so much per foot)."

I signed it! while my family, all approvin', stood about;
The villain dropped a tear on it—but didn't blot it out!
That selfsame day, with wagons, came some rascals great and small;
They hopped upon my buildings as if they owned them all!
They hewed 'em and they hacked 'em—ag'in' my loud desires—
They trimmed 'em off with gewgaws, and they bound 'em down with wires;
They hewed 'em and they hacked 'em, and they hacked and hewed 'em
And every precious minute kep' runnin' up my bill.

To find my soft-spoke neighbor, did I run and rush and run;
He was suppin' with a neighbor, few miles further on.
"Do you think," I loudly shouted, "I need a mile of wire
For to save each separate haycock from heaven's consumin' fire?
Did you think, to keep my buildings o' some uncertain harm,
I was going to deed you over the best of my farm?"

He silenced me with silence in a little while,
And then trotted out the contract with a reassuring smile;
And for half an hour explained it exasperatin' skill,
While his myrmidons kep' probably running up my bill.
He held me to that contract with a ness queer to see;
'Twas the very first occasion he I disagree with me!
And for that 'ere thunder story, a rascal finally went,
I paid two hundred dollars, if I a single cent.

And if any lightning-rodist wants a ner-dialogue
With the restaurant department of enterprisin' dog;
Let him set his mouth a-running inside my outside gate,
And I'll bet two hundred dollars he have long to wait.

FATHER O'FLYNN

By Alfred Percival Graves.

Of priests we can offer a charming few,
Far renowned for l'arnin' and piety,
Still I advance ye, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all!
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainte and slainte, and slainte again,
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tenderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal!

Don't talk of your provost and fellows of Trinity,
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix! an' the divils and all at divinity,
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all!
Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard
Down from mythology
Into thayology,
Troth! and conchology if he'd the time for't!
Here's a health to ye, Father O'Flynn!

Och, Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childher are wild for to play wid you,
Father, avick!
Still, for all you're so gentle a soggarth,
Gad! you've your flock in the grandest of control,
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxing onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick!
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn!

THE SINNER AND THE SONG

By Will S. Thompson.

A sinner was wandering at eventide,
His tempter was watching close by his side;
In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong;
But hark! from the church he heard a sweet song,
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."
He lingered and listened to every chord;
He remembered the time he once loved the Lord.
Come on, says the tempter, come on with the throng;
But hark! from the church again came the song:
"While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!"
O, tempter, depart, I have served thee too long,
I fly to the Saviour, He dwells in song,
O Lord, can it be that a sinner like me
May find a sweet refuge by coming to Thee?
"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
I come, Lord, I come, Thou'll forget the dark past,
And O, receive my soul at last.

POEMS REQUESTED

A Thanksgiving poem, in which these lines, is among the "wanted":
Grandpa won't eat nothing but bread and milk and tea,
'Cause he's got dyspepsia. Gee! I'm glad 'tain't me.

The Tramp of Sherman's Army, by S. H. M. Byers, is wanted. It begins:
Ast comrades, I hear the old bugle sound,
It's sounding the same reveille.

This line is part of a temperance poem wanted: "I once read a book and it was very touching, too."

An old poem entitled either Jockey's Last Dream or The Jockey's Last Ride, is wanted. The opening lines are:
Tell her goodbye for me boys,
the last words that he said.

The poem entitled Uncle Tom's Story is requested.

Watching the Stars As They Fall, poem requested.

A 17 1-2 Inch Black or White South African OSTRICH FEATHER

$3.00 PREPAID

Any bank in Philadelphia will tell you of my responsibility.

Shipped prepaid to any address in the U. S. on receipt of $3.00

We are direct importers.

I will return your money if these feathers are not the equal of any sold at $5.00.

W. B. LANDAUER

807 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Children's Letters

Dear Old Blade—I am a little girl 11 years old and live in a small town on the Kaskaskia river in Illinois. We shall have a new brick school house this winter which cost $9,000. I am in the seventh grade. Two years ago this summer mamma, papa, my four sisters and I took a trip to California to see grandpa and grandma, whom we had not seen for five years. We stopped at El Paso and visited my aunt, who lives there. We went over in old Mexico and saw the church which is 400 years old and the Mexican market and many other places of interest. From there we went to Fresno, Cal. We stayed four months and had a nice time. I will close with three cheers for The Blade.—One of Six Sisters.

I am only a small boy eleven years of age, but I enjoy reading the many good letters from the different parts of the United States, and will try and write a few words which I hope may interest someone else.

I live in a small town in northern Indiana. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. My papa is a carpenter, and I enjoy helping him make things in the shop. I also love to go into the shop and make things to play with. On Saturdays, when it is raining, I work in the shop all day.—Indiana Boy.

I am a little girl 10 years old and I live in Michigan. I go to the Sherwood school and I am in the fifth grade this year. I have four brothers and one sister. My sister teaches school. We live on a farm of 12 acres. Sometimes we can see the St. Joe river from our place. My papa raises cucumbers, strawberries and a large garden besides.

I have a little kitty and she has a black tail, white body, black ears and black on her head. I have two chickens of my own. I have four dolls. Their names are Alice, Gertrude, Dot and Violet. My mamma and I have two nice flower gardens. My papa has subscribed for The Blade and I am glad he takes it. Your friend—Katherine.

I am a little girl 8 years old. You see, I am not very old. I live in the country. I have a doll that can shut and open her eyes. I have three pet cats. Their names are Pearl, Gray and Bess. I have one pet cow, her name is Cherry. My father is a merchant. I go to school in the winter. I went to school every day last winter. My schoolmate's name is Julia Bryant. As this is my first letter I will not write any more this time.—Pansy.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe my life to the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a wreck, a shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no better. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. I believed all my pain and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. B. WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file at the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Will Send Free To Stomach Victims

ree trial bottle of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin—No money sired; none accepted—Patients everywhere write me it is a wonderful cure for stomach, liver and bowel diseases.

ll it suit your purpose? Send for it and see!

DR. W. B. CALDWELL

ho have been victims of your stomach; ho have dieted; you whom food distresses; whose bowels won't move, send me your ne today so that I may send to your home bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I it to prove to you that you can be cured.

wenty years druggists have been selling medy for me. Daily I receive letters people whom it has cured of constipation, t, and indigestion, sour stomach, gas ful on the stomach, nervous dyspepsia, ess after eating, sick headache, flat- biliousness and such like stomach, liver wel diseases. It is really nature's own for these troubles.

people have tried cathartics and purga- salts, waters, powders, stomach cover- d foods, etc. For awhile they helped; in they failed. My Dr. Caldwell's Syrup is not only a grand laxative for whose I have vouched to the U. S. Government, contains extraordinary tonic properties, and these ingredients build up the stomach and intestinal muscles so that they learn again to act themselves, and in this way constipation and stomach troubles are permanently cured.

Its action is gentle but effective; tastes well and never gripes. Settles the nerves so that you eat well, gives sharp appetite, sound digestion and good blood. I have taken it myself and thousands of others have taken it, and they are all agreed on its merits. More druggists use it personally in their families than any other stomach remedy before the American people.

My address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 623 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. Now send me your address and I will promptly send to your home a free sample bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and you will agree that stomach troubles of the most obstinate and longstanding kind are possible to cure when this remedy is used. I want to add that if there is any mystery about your case—something you don't understand—write me for advice and I will gladly give it to you free of charge.

12 Full Bottles LACKLAND Straight Kentucky Whiskey →100 PROOF← $4.20

A Record Breaking Whiskey Offer

This offer is bringing us thousands of new regular whiskey customers, for never before in the history of the whiskey business has it been equalled. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this really is.

Send us $4.20 and we will at once express 12 Full 16-oz. Bottles of our pure, mellow, 100-Proof Straight LACKLAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY, guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law and pronounced by competent judges to be the finest, the most wholesome and most delicious whiskey ever distilled. Remember, this is not a blend, compound or imitation, but a **pure, straight,** 100-Proof whiskey and guaranteed so. This is the same fully matured whiskey which is so highly recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength. No better whiskey to be had.

After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put it to any test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Remember, we guarantee every bottle of **Lackland Whiskey** to be 100-Proof. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength. All shipments made same day order is received, in plain sealed package. Make remittance payable to

LACKLAND DIST. CO., Mail Dept. 80, St. Louis, Mo.

GREATEST OFFER YET

A GALLON STONE'S EXTRA PRIME WHISKEY $1.95
AS GOOD AS ANY $4.00 WHISKEY.....

Positively not more than 3 gallons at this price.

We make this great offer to get our whiskey introduced. Absolutely Pure, Rich and Mellow. Taste it, and if it is not the best whiskey you have ever had at double the price, send it back at our expense and your money will be returned by first mail. We do not ship C. O. D. or on credit.

Reference—National Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo., or any express company.

STONE MERCANTILE CO., 39 Stone Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

a Famous WHISKEY SELLER BEER

2 doz. pts., cash order, less 60c for bottles.

REISING BREWING CO., New Albany, Ind.

BLOOD POISON CURED

Under Guarantee Plan. Write for full particulars.

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Suite, Private Institution for *Medical*, (Non-Surgical) Treatment of all forms of External

CANCER AND TUMORS.

Conducted by Dr. Charles Weber, 17 Garfield Ave., Cincinnati, O. Twenty-eight years experience. Hundreds successfully treated. Descriptive book and references sent upon request.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. My system of treatment approved by best U. S. authorities as the only system known to permanently cure.

FREE TEST TREATMENT

Medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 3 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D., 4 American Express Building, Chicago.

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Perfect and Beautiful. Made of highest grade materials. Durable as stone. Name, year of birth and death.

$5, FREIGHT PREPAID

Write for free illustrated circulars giving particulars of other styles, etc.

Simpson Cement Mold Co. 104 Rose Bldg. Cleveland, O.

Chirography.

Little Johnnie—"Say, mister?"
Stranger—"Well?"
Little Johnnie—"Who crossed your t's instead of dotting them"

Up-Set Sick Feeling

It follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it makes one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Get them.

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

FALL TO EAGER SHARKS

Wrecked Men Are Eaten Before They Sink Into the Ocean.

Singapore, Nov. 15.—One hundred persons were lost in a collision at sea Sunday morning and 61 others were rescued from the depths of the ocean and the hungry jaws of sharks, which swarmed about the wreckage in the hope of a meal such as they seldom get. Many were snatched from the very teeth of the big fish and must yet win battles against their wounds before they can be counted as actually escaping the dangers of the disaster.

Of the 100 lost 13 were Europeans, six of them officers of the mail steamer La Seyne, which sank, and seven of them passengers, including the Baron and Baroness Benezschy. The others were Malayasian passengers and members of the crew.

Run Down by Big Liner.

La Seyne, of the government service running between Java and Singapore, was on her way to this port, when in a thick haze she was cut almost in two by the British-India line steamer Onda and sank within two minutes. Nearly everyone aboard her except the morning watch went into the sea direct from his berth. There was no time for panic, no time for organized attempt at rescue, just a general scramble for human life in which death, with his shark agents, took the greater prizes.

La Seyne's boats went down with her still fastened to their davits, and the only aid for those sleepers who had been thrown into the water was given by the Onda, whose boats soon were skimming the dark surface of the sea in the hope of undoing some of the damage the collision had wrought.

Little effort was needed to bring the Onda about, as she was brought up almost standing by the force of the impact with La Seyne. Her engines were slowed at once and she stood by the floating wreckage for more than two hours in the hope of picking up those who had not been drowned in their staterooms as if in bottles.

Swarm of Man-Eaters.

But there was little chance for the seamen of the British steamer, for all about the scene of the collision swarmed the two schools of sharks which had been following the vessels, as is their wont, in the hope of picking up whatever morsels might fall from them. Here was a feast. It is not often that scores of Lascars are thrown into the sea as one handful. With the busy fish darting here and there through the water, snatching where they could at the lone swimmer or the leg or arm exposed by the men fortunate enough to have seized upon a piece of floating wreckage, they reddened the murky water by their wounds.

On every hand there rose through the fog the cries of those who had been seized in bristling jaws and scarcely would these cries rise when they were hushed by the closing of the silent water over the victim's heads.

Against this handicap did the sailors work to make their rescues, and many times did they have immediate encounters with the greedy sharks, pulling their men from between the very teeth of the monsters which would have swallowed them, and frequently belaboring the huge fish with oar or marlinspike to hold them at their distance. Finally, when there appeared no more chance of saving anyone the Onda's boats were taken aboard and the steamer put in at this port.

The half drowned passengers of La Seyne, many of them shark-wounded, are in hospitals here.

GALE SWEPT ISLAND

By Wireless Jamaica Sends Report of Mighty Tempest.

New York, Nov. 12.—The extent of the damage inflicted by the West Indian storm in Jamaica was indicated today by a message received by the Central and South American Telegraph company from the wireless operator on board the steamer Prinz August Wilhelm at Kingston. The message was forwarded by way of the telegraph company's station at Fisherman's Point, Guantanamo bay, Cuba, and read as follows:

"Just received from Jamaica following message signed Pyers, operator steamer Wilhelm, dated 9 p. m. Thursday:

"Wednesday, hurricane. Thursday, unprecedented rainfalls. Railway washed out, telegraph crippled, cables broken. United States vessel Eagle smashed into pier, and was towed out by English cruiser Scylla with slight damage. The United Fruit company's steamers Bradford and Amende ashore. Former still aground; latter was floated. No damage was done to the Wilhelm."

Storm Moves Northward.

Washington, Nov. 12.—Central this morning in the Carribean sea, northeast of Jamaica, between Cuba and Hayti, the tropical disturbance, which undoubtedly caused considerable damage on the Island of Jamaica since last Saturday, is moving solwly in a northeasterly direction toward the Windward Passage and heading almost directly for the Bahamas and Bermudas. The disturbance today is nearer to Haiti than to Cuba, and reports to the weather bureau indicate that it is moving very slowly.

Meteorological experts of the weather bureau expressed the belief that the storm was of very retarded development, and that it lingered over Jamaica for some days. Most of the damage to the island, they believe, must have resulted from the heavy rains which accompanied the storm rather than from wind, because the disturbance at present is not of great velocity.

No trouble is expected along the Atlantic coast of the United States from the disturbance, the officials believing the storm will continue its course in a northerly or northeasterly direction into the north Atlantic, sweeping across the Bahamas, and probably striking the Bermuda Islands.

Again today no report came to the weather bureau from its observer in Jamaica, but other West Indian observation stations made the usual reports.

Nine Inches of Rain Fell.

Colon, Panama, Nov. 12.—Heavy rains have fallen here since last Wednesday midnight, the total precipitation up to noon today being nine inches. Yesterday six inches of rain fell. The wind today is west by northwest and high seas are running off shore. The incoming vessels report heavy weather. The congressional party from the United States, which arrived at Panama yesterday, report a tempestuous voyage all the way down the coast.

Experiments here seem to indicate that the cable to Bull Bay, Jamaica, is intact and possible of operation and it is assumed that the operators at Bull Bay are unable to reach the cable but, which is near the coast and probably isolated by the storm.

ISLAND IS DEVASTATED

No Let-Up of Downpour in Jamaica.

Kingston, Jam., Nov. 13.—From the fragmentary reports that are arriving here from the countryside, the damage resulting from the storms and floods which have raged throughout the island since last Friday is enormous. The greater portion of the railway and the coast line on the north side of the island have been seriously damaged. Landslides are numerous on the main railroad, and communication has been completely cut off. Many bridges also have been carried away.

Property in and around Kingston has suffered severely, the damage sustained thus far being estimated at $500,000. The intake and the main culverts of the city's water supply system have been destroyed, and owing to the continued downpour it has been impossible to effect repairs. The recorded rainfall from November 6 to November 10 was 48 inches. There are no signs yet of the weather breaking.

Communication was established today with the north coast by steamer. The military cantonment in the mountains has been cut off from communication since last Saturday. All telegraph wires are down and messages are being sent from Kingston to the cable hut by boat.

The banana plantations in the north and northeastern portions of the island have been badly hit by the storm. Thousands of acres of trees have been leveled and the fruit trade is at a complete standstill, as it is impossible to get the bananas to the ports for shipment.

NAVY IS PRINCIPAL ISSUE

Earl Grey Opens the Canadian Parliament.

Ottawa, Nov. 11.—The second session of the eleventh parliament opened today. The governor general, Earl Grey, read the speech from the throne. The speech reaffirmed the position taken by Sir Wilfred Laurier's government in the joint resolution of parliament adopted last session regarding naval defense, which simply enunciates the necessity for Canada undertaking a share in the empire's naval defense, maintaining autonomous control of her own navy, but working in harmony with the imperial navy.

No definite announcement was made as to whether Canada shall build her own navy or have it built in Great Britain, or make cash contribution pending the establishment of a nucleus for a Canadian fleet. Indications are that the naval policy will be the principal subject for discussion this session.

Dodges Many Bombs

LORD MINTO, VICEROY OF INDIA.

VICEROY IS ATTACKED

Bombs Are Hurled at Ruler of India.

Ahmedabad, Nov. 15.—Lord Minto, the viceroy of India, and Lady Minto had a narrow escape yesterday from being killed by bombs. They were driving through one of the streets, when, without warning, two bombs were thrown at their carriage.

A dragoon, who was riding alongside, spurred forward and with outstretched sabre intercepted the first bomb, hurling it some little distance away into a sand heap. The second bomb struck the viceroy's jemidar, a native lieutenant, who was holding an umbrella over Lady Minton, and fell harmlessly to the ground. Neither bomb exploded, as the soft sand acted as a buffer.

Just prior to this, as the carriage passed through one of the streets, a bomb exploded some little distance away. Police and others, attracted by the explosion, ran up and found a man on the ground with his hand blown off. He proved to be an innocent bystander.

This attack was only one of many that have been made against Lord Minto, Lord Kitchener and Sir Andrew Fraser, lieutenant governor of Bengal, and many other officials, and for a year or more there has been a fear of uprising against British rule in India based on the almost daily attempts on the lives of the British officers.

NABS A BIG MAN

Head of Great Refinery Arrested, but Released on Bail.

New York, Nov. 13.—James F. Bendernagel, for many years general superintendent of the Williamsburg refinery of the American Sugar Refining Co., who was arrested in Brooklyn yesterday under an indictment found on Thursday of last week by the federal grand jury, was released on $5,000 bail pending a hearing Monday.

At the same time, new indictments were found against six other sugar employes, already awaiting trial on previously announced charges. They are Oliver Spitzer, Thomas Kehoe, Eugene M. Voelker, Edward A. Boyle, John R. Coyle and Patrick J. Hennessy. All of them are accused of conspiracy to defraud the government by the false weighing of sugar at the Williamsburg docks on November 20, 1907.

Bendernagel, whose resignation from his post was made known early this week, had been in the employ of the company many years. He was one of their best paid men, drawing a salary of $20,000 a year.

Just before the announcement of Bendernagel's arrest it became known that the sugar importing firm of Arbuckle Bros., chief rival of the convicted sugar trust, had been negotiating for some days the payment of a big sum to the government by way of making good diverted duties on sugar which the authorities contended was underweighed. How great the amount would be was not disclosed. It was understood that it would reach several hundred thousand dollars. When John Arbuckle was asked about the negotiations, he said:

"I don't care to be interviewed about a report like that."

Henry L. Stimson, ex-district attorney and now special deputy attorney general in charge of sugar fraud prosecutions, declined to discuss the new development, and W. N. Dykman, counsel for Arbuckle Bros., was equally reticent, but from one of Mr. Stimson's associates it was learned that the negotiations were well on their way to a conclusion. It was said too, unofficially, that more indictments soon would be filed for sugar frauds.

WOULD OUST LOAN SHARK

Russell Sage Foundation Suggests 12 Per Cent Loans.

New York, Nov. 12.—The Russell Sage Foundation gave forth announcement last night that it is nearly prepared to enter a national campaign to drive loan sharks out of business by taking over their business—providing congress will pass a law permitting poor men to pay back loans at 1 per cent a month.

That would be 12 per cent a year, which is twice the legal rate of interest in New York state and nearly twice that of the majority of other states. The benevolently founded organization says, however, that if congress will permit charitable institutions to collect 12 per cent a year on salaries it will save the poorer class of borrows through the country something like 25 per cent.

The spokesman of the foundation says that an investigation will be begun immediately and that a national crusade will be carried on to work up public sentinmet to a point where the next congress will be forced to legalize the 12 per cent interest value.

CALLS PROPHETS MUCKRAKERS

Yale Man Says They Were the Reformers of Their Time.

Lawrence, Kan., Nov. 12.—The prophets Isaiah, Ezekiel and Jeremiah were classed as muckrakers and many of the stories of the Old Testament were termed myths by Dr. Charles Foster Kent, of the Yale divinity school, in a lecture before students of the University of Kansas here.

"The prophets of Israel were the social reformers of their times," he said. "They were muckrakers, to use a present day term. They were sensational in their methods, notably Isaiah, Ezekiel and Jeremiah."

Prof. Kent believes the prophets were forced to use extraordinary means to drive home their points. As to the Garden of Eden, the speaker said he believed the story to be a legend that served a good purpose, being fitted to the child-like minds of the people to whom it was first related.

GIRL LAYS BARE CRIME

Tells of Father's Murder More Than Three Years Ago.

Chicago, Nov. 13.—Henry Brodenheyer, a jeweler, of Madison, Wis., who was found dead near his home in the summer of 1906 and believed to have been murdered by robbers, was killed by his wife, Margaret Brodenheyer, now a patient at the Dunning insane asylum, according to a confession made today by Clara Brodenheyer, their daughter, to Assistant Chief of Police Scheuttler.

The girl, who is 18 years old, told how her mother had slain her father, how she had aided in disposing of the body, how the crime had driven her mother insane and how the terrible story had haunted her until she had to tell it.

Miss Brodenheyer, after telling the story of the tragedy, swooned. She was removed by order of the police to the home of friends. She probably will not be prosecuted.

Wife Was Jealous.

Brodenheyer, who was 42 years of age, and formerly had lived in Chicago, aroused the jealousy of his wife after he had removed to Madison and engaged in the jewelry business. The wife, according to her daughter, satisfied herself of her husband's infidelity and decided to kill him. She lured him to an abandoned house on an old farm near Madison under a pretense of looking over the property.

After they had entered the building the woman immediately drew a revolver and shot her husband, the bullet striking him behind the right ear. As he fell the woman fired a bullet into his forehead. Mrs. Brodenheyer watched him die, then threw the revolver away and fled.

The daughter, according to her confession, encountered her mother as she was hastening from the slaughter house. Her mother told her excitedly that her father had committed suicide. The daughter says she induced her mother to return to the body. She saw that her father had been shot twice. She said she accused her mother of killing her father and that Mrs. Brodenheyer confessed the crime and asked her to aid her in concealing the crime.

Dragged Body to Ditch.

Together they found a rope and fastened it around Brodenheyer's neck and attempted to string the body over a rafter. The rope broke. Then they dragged the body into the roadway and concealed it behind a clump of bushes. Feeling satisfied that the crime had been covered up, mother and daughter returned home. On the following day Mrs. Brodenheyer reported to the police that her husband had disappeared; that a strange man had come to the house and taken Brodenheyer away in a buggy. The police discovered the body several days later and sought to find the mysterious man.

A few months after the tragedy Mrs. Brodenheyer sold her husband's store and came to Chicago to live, bringing Clara with her. After months of brooding over the crime, Mrs. Brodenheyer's mind became a wreck. Five weeks ago she was adjudged insane. The daughter's confession followed.

CASHIER KILLED

Two Indiana Bank Officers Victim of Mysterious Bandit.

New Albany, Ind., Nov. 11.—J. Garry Fawcett, cashier of the Merchants' National Bank, was shot and killed and President J. K. Woodward, of the same institution, seriously wounded by an unidentified man who entered the bank about noon today and attempted to hold up the officials and their assistants.

The assailant, a young man, after his murderous work, ran to the Ohio river and started for the Kentucky side in a skiff. The police were notified, and after a hot pursuit in a motorboat succeeded in capturing the man near the Kentucky and Indiana bridge.

The man came to New Albany in an automobile, the property of Mrs. Walter Escott, a resident of one of the most fashionable districts of Louisville. The chauffeur, James R. Tucker, a negro, who was arrested, told the police that the man who did the shooting took possession of the automobile this morning in front of Mrs. Escott's residence and forced him, at the point of a revolver, to drive him to New Albany.

"Hands Up," He Ordered.

The man entered the bank by a rear door, a revolver in each hand. He gave the command, "Hands up, everybody; get into the vault." There was a rush for safety by the clerks and several persons who were transacting business in the bank.

President Woodward advanced toward the robber, and attempted to talk to him. The robber's response to Mr. Woodward's question as to what was wanted was two shots, which struck the official in the arm and stomach, inflicting dangerous wounds.

Cashier Fawcett then rushed forward, but before he could reach the fallen president, was shot in the neck and breast, dying a short time afterward.

The robber, still without speaking a word, walked quickly out the front door, dropping one of his revolvers just outside the building. Turning the corner to where the automobile stood, he jumped into the rear seat with the command to the negro, "get out of this as fast as you can." But the automobile stood still, the negro thoroughly frightened at the course of events, refusing to move. The robber jumped to the ground, drew a revolver and sent a bullet into the negro's back.

Runs for Kentucky.

An instant later the assassin was running at top speed down the bank to the Ohio, where he jumped into a skiff. He had pulled out some distance into stream before the astonished citizens of the town knew what had happened. One old sailor on a dredge boat, seeing the man rowing frantically for the Kentucky shore, gave the alarm through a megaphone.

Owners of river craft then engaged in a race for the desperado. The police, however, in a motor boat, distanced all followers and in a short time had their man at bay on an island just south of the big bridge connecting New Albany with West Louisville. They covered him with revolvers, and the arrest was made without a fight.

Finding a clamoring mob on the shore the prisoner was hustled into the patrol van and hurried to the state reformatory at Jeffersonville, five miles away, and was safely behind the bars in less than 12 minutes.

Both Fawcett and Woodward are Louisville men, and prominent in both business and social circles. Apprehension is felt for the recovery of Mr. Woodward. He was taken to St. Edward's hospital, where it was found that his intestines had been perforated.

The negro chauffeur was found to have received a dangerous wound in the spine.

GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED

Kentucky's Straight Whiskey

Express Prepaid from Distiller Direct to You

2 Gallons for $5.

3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need

send no money

We ship on thirty days' credit if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. Full Quart Bottles of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3., 8 for $6, or 12 for $9. FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 6 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by first mail.

Address MYERS & COMPANY, WAREHOUSE NO. 213 COVINGTON, KY.

Sole Owners U.S. Registered Distillery No. 12, 6th Dist. of Ky.

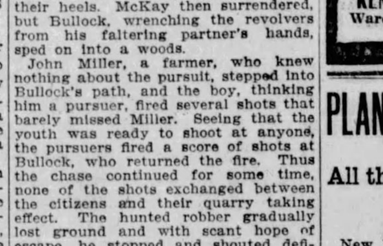
Orders from Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington or Wyoming must call for either 20 full quart bottles, or 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15.00 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms for these States.

Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

THE SALOON KEEPER PAYS $1.50 A GALLON FOR WHISKEY

Why Should You Pay More When We'll Sell It to You at the Same Price?

We have been distillers and wholesalers for many years and have accumulated a large stock of whiskies. Many of our best customers have been forced into other lines by stringent saloon and local option laws, and we are forced to sell to the consumer direct. We want 100,000 consumer customers. We propose to sell to you cheaper than we did to the saloon keeper. We have cut off expensive traveling salesmen—we give no credit—take no chances. The whiskey we sold to the saloon keeper at $1.75 on credit, We can offer you at $1.50 for cash. This is the first time you ever had the opportunity to purchase fine whiskey of a reliable distiller for less than the saloon keeper has to pay.



2 FULL GALLONS Fine, High-Grade $4.00 Whiskey, in 2 Glass Jugs, Same amount as is contained in 8 full quart bottles, or same amount as is contained in 16 full 16-ounce pint flasks, for only..... $2.97

MONEY BACK WITHOUT A QUESTION IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Our Proposition: Send us $2.97 and we will send you, same day your order is received, in an unrecognizable package, 2 full gallons of fine, pure whiskey, rich and mellow. Try it and test it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever purchased at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send private checks. We cannot afford to pay exchange at the price we sell our goods at.

This is an unheard-of low price, but go to your saloon dealer and ask him what he pays per gallon for whiskey by the barrel in large quantities, for which he charges you 10 or 15 cents a drink, and if he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.40 to $1.50 a gallon. By this special offer you are enabled to buy in 2-gallon lots at the same price that your dealer pays in large quantities by the barrel. Why pay more? We quote in larger quantities:

5 Gallon Keg . . . $7.25 | 25 Gallon Half Barrel $33.50
10 Gallon Keg . . . 13.91 | 50 Gallon Barrel 64.50

REFERENCES: National Bank of the Republic, National Bank of Commerce, Commerce Trust Co.,—all of Kansas City, Mo., and all Express companies.

M. CALMAN DISTILLING CO. For purposes of privacy, address your letters and have all remittances made to M. CALMAN, President, 34 Calman Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.

BOY BANDIT KILLS SELF

Puts Bullet in His Head When Run Down by Kansas Posse.

Endora, Ks., Nov. 13.—Earl Bullock, the 17-year old bandit who shot himself yesterday when run down by a posse, died early this morning. Will McWay, his 15-year old pal, is in the jail.

Bullock held up and robbed the state bank October 11 and made his escape. Yesterday the boy returned with his even more youthful friend and robbed the bank a second time.

On the first occasion this daring desperado killed William Pringle, a policeman. Yesterday he wounded Fred Starr, the assistant cashier of a private bank.

Seize Cash and Run.

About closing time, Bullock and McKay entered the bank. While the robbers were at work Starr entered the bank, which is the town's clearing house. In his hands were the day's clearings and the robbers turned on him and shot him through the jaw. Grabbing all the ready money in sight, about $1,000, the bandits then ran out through the back door of the bank.

Harry Wilson, a son of Cashier Wilson, spread the alarm and citizens armed with shotguns, rifles and revolvers pursued the bandits across the fields. In attempting to swim the Kaw river the boys lost ground and a few minutes later the pursuers were at their heels. McKay then surrendered, but Bullock, wrenching the revolvers from his faltering partner's hands, sped on into a woods.

John Miller, a farmer, who knew nothing about the pursuit, stepped into Bullock's path, and the boy, thinking him a pursuer, fired several shots that barely missed Miller. Seeing that the youth was ready to shoot at anyone, the pursuers fired a score of shots at Bullock, who returned the fire. Thus the chase continued for some time, none of the shots exchanged between the citizens and their quarry taking effect. The hunted robber gradually lost ground and with scant hope of escape, he stopped and shouted defiance at the fast approaching hunters.

"I have only one bullet left, but I'll beat you yet," he shouted and fired his remaining bullet through his own head.

Lynching Is Averted.

Thinking Bullock dead, most of the pursuers turned their attention to McKay, with the intention of lynching him, some announced. When the crowd of farmers and townsmen quickly gathered around McKay, Stephen George, F. A. Smith and Frank Williams started down the road in order to keep the crowd from carrying out its lynching threat. The posse pursued. Before the chase had gone far McKay's protectors encountered a motor car from Lawrence carrying two newspaper men. Quickly dispossessing the motorists of their car the three men put McKay in it and turned the car toward Lawrence. The mob, finding itself distanced, returned to Eudora.

Bullock was taken to the hospital, where he died, and McKay was safely landed in jail. Since the first robbery Bullock had been living at a hotel in Jacksonville. There he met McKay, whom he induced to go back to Eudora and make another attempt to get rich quick.

GIVES LIFE FOR BROTHER

Girl Rushes Into Flames in Vain Effort to Save.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Nov. 13.—Ethel Arnell, 17 years old, gave her life in a vain attempt to save her brother John, five years younger, who had been trapped by fire in an upper story of the Revere hotel, at Innisfall, Canada, which was burned to the ground. She could have jumped to safety, but went back into the flames when she heard her brother was missing. Both were children of William Arnell, the proprietor, who escaped with his wife and four other children.

THROWS VICTIM FROM TRAIN

Bandit, by Aid of Knife, Gets $3,472 From Claim Holder.

Sturgis, S. K., Nov. 15.—J. L. Purcell, a claim holder near Brushie, S. D., was held up late last night by a masked bandit and robbed of $3,472.

Purcell was en route from Huron, S. D., with his horses and household effects in a freight car attached to a special freight train. When within a few miles of this place a masked man entered the car while the train was moving rapidly and attacked Purcell with a knife, overpowering him and taking his money. He then threw Purcell from the car door.

Purcell was not hurt by the fall, but bled profusely from knife wounds. He managed to walk to Sturgis. The bandit has not been found. Purcell will recover.

before the Legislature passes more prohibition laws, we have cut our regular price almost in half, and will ship, **All Express Paid,** on receipt of price, our famous

100 Proof **OLD COMMANDER BOURBON WHISKEY** Double Stamp

4 Quarts or 1 Gallon $2.95 — 8 Quarts or 2 Gallons $5.45

Absolutely pure, straight Whiskey, not adulterated nor rectified. **Aged and Matured in Bond under Government Supervision.** No better whiskey in the world, none richer or mellower, or better for medicinal purposes. **The quality usually sold for $5.00 per gallon.**

Save Dealers' Profit, Get Pure Whiskey Direct From Kentucky Distillery

TRY IT AT OUR RISK and if you are not more than satisfied return at our expense, and we refund money at once.

FREE WITH EACH ORDER Two full size sample bottles of Gin and Brandy, with whiskey glass and cork screw. Additional special premium with each 2 gal order. **Order Today as this offer will be withdrawn when our stock is reduced.**

KENTUCKY CO-OPERATIVE DISTILLERY CO., Warehouse Depot No. 18 Louisville, Ky.

PLAN COPPER MERGER

All the Big Operators in the Deal.

New York, Nov. 15.—No definite information could be obtained today of the reported organization of new $1,000,000,000 corporation to control the output of copper. Numerous conferences of copper interests have been held at the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., but none of the parties will talk of the reported combination.

Reports of the proposed merger have been sifted down to a point where fairly general credence is given the statement that J. P. Morgan & Co. will have the financing in charge, with the National City bank and the First National bank of this city as the probable mediums through which the security issues in this country will be handled. A world-wide distribution is said to be intended, however, with several European institutions of prominence to attend to the flotation abroad.

Production, treatment, and sale of copper to the amount of approximately 800,000,000 pounds is included in the plans of the men interested in the proposed merger, which is expected to bear the relation to the copper industry that the United States Steel corporation now does to the steel industry. Named in connection with the combination are the Amalgamated, Guggenheim, Phelps-Dodge and Cole-Ryan properties, with the smelting and selling interests affiliated with them. Included are the prominent low-grade or porphyry copper properties in Nevada and Utah, including the Utah Copper company. There is no inclusion of the Calumet and Hecla. The Haggin interests in Peru and the Rio Tinto properties in Spain may be included in the merger.

Stock of the company, it is said, is to be issued in exchange for the outstanding shares of the properties proposed to be included in the merger.

NINE LIVES LOST IN MINE

Several Others Badly Injured in Wilkesbarre Explosion.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 10.—Nine men lost their lives in the fire following the explosion yesterday afternoon in the Auchincloss colliery of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western company at Nanticoke, near here. A large force of men worked all night in an attempt to rescue the entombed men alive. Several were gotten out badly injured, but nine of the men were dead when found.

The last to be brought to the surface were carried out at 7 a. m. today, and it is believed that all the men in the underground workings when the explosion occurred have been accounted for. With one exception all the dead miners were Slavs.

BIG BRIDGE IS WEAKENING

$20,000,000 Williamsburg Structure Overtaxed.

New York, Nov. 10.—Signs of weakness are said to be appearing in the land spans of the $20,000,000 Williamsburg bridge, because of the tremendous strain put on it by increasing traffic.

It is reported that Bridge Commissioner Stevenson will apply to the board of estimate for an appropriation of $500,000 to strengthen the weakened parts of the structure. The river spans were strengthened some time ago.

No fears are expressed that the bridge will collapse. The bridge was opened for traffic in 1903.

For Strong Nerves This Is a Marvel

Men and Women With Weak Nerves and Backache Find the Following Remedy a Surprise.

Gives Highest Degree of Vigor.

It may be hard for many men and women who have been told or who have considered their cases incurable, to believe that the highest degree of vigor could be returned to them, to an extent never before realized.

Yet, by the new A-Tone Treatment every man and woman, young or old, may quickly

"I never Saw Anything So Effective As That A-Tone Treatment."

regain lost ability. It has been proven of enormous value also in cases of Nervous Weakness, Debility, Nervous Prostration, Wornout Feeling, Backache, Lack of Ambition, Poor Memory, Despondency. It is the most excellent remedy ever offered for constipation. It has a remarkably wide field. Rheumatism, Diabetes, Piles and Blood Impurities cannot resist the surprising curative properties of the A-Tone Treatment.

It is a sincere remedy—a remedy with great restorative powers, representing a great advance in medical science. Those who are skeptical toward any kind of medicine will be the ones who will be the most enthusiastic over it. Nature's sweetest blessing can be given back to you.

For a limited time we will send in plain wrapper to any man or woman who sends name and address a $2.00 package of the A-Tone Treatment for 25 cents in stamps or coin to help pay postage, packing, etc. The A-Tone Medical Company, 271 A-Tone Bldg., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof

Beautiful Prize Free!

We Want You to arrange these four groups of letters into the names of four Cities of the United States. To every one who answers this puzzle and names not less than three of the Cities correctly we will give a prize of a set of our handsomest Silk Embossed Birthday and Xmas Motto Post Cards in beautiful colors. When you answer send 2 ct. stamp for mailing expense. We also give $50 in cash and many other big prizes aside from the above to those who answer this advertisement promptly and who will help us introduce our paper. Address at once, PUZZLE DEPT., 816 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

SOBONT
HAMOA
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AFFUBOL

Household Specialty Agents 100 Per Cent Profit; Easy Sales. Write at once; particulars free. Leslie Mds. Co., Desk 2B, 1319 Palmwood Ave., Toledo, O.

NO HOPE FOR 300 MEN

All Believed Dead in St. Paul Mine.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 16.—Dawn today brought increased anxiety to the families of the 300 miners who are still entombed in the St. Paul coal mine, as a result of last Saturday's disaster.

A temperature of 108 degrees Fahrenheit was recorded at the top of the main shaft today. It probably will be impossible to break the sealed shaft of the mine for the present. The test was made by Geological Director George F. Rice, of Pittsburg.

Mine officials and investigators had made all preparations for opening the mine and fighting the fire. A special train from Chicago, bringing fire fighting apparatus is on the way here under direction of James Horan, chief of the fire department. Twenty thousand gallons of water are waiting at the mine, and more is on the way. Chemical fire extinguishers are on hand also.

Judging from the heat at the surface, Mine Inspector James Taylor declared that the heat at the bottom of the shaft must be intense. As there is nothing in the shaft to burn, the heat comes from within the mine proper, 300 feet below the surface. The smell of gas is apparent near the shaft, and this seems a certain indication that fire has spread from the stables to the coal veins.

With the remotest galleries of the mine for almost three days the men must certainly have been suffocated, according to President Duncan McDonald, of District 12, United Mine Workers of America. He declared also that the fire had burned away the timber supports and some of the men undoubtedly had been buried in the caving in of walls and roofs of the passageways. Not only would the men have been without food, but with no means of lighting, they must have groped three days through interminable passageways in total darkness to reach water, if water could be found at all.

CARNEGIE MAY GIVE MILLION

Said to Be Planning a Campaign Against Pellagra.

New York, Nov. 16.—An intimation has come to the national health officials at Washington that Andrew Carnegie is about to give an enormous sum for a campaign of eradication against pellagra, the mystery "Lombardy leprosy," which has appeared recently in Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi and frightened the entire south.

While there has been no definite announcement, it is said Mr. Carnegie's contribution will equal the $1,000,000 which John D. Rockefeller has given for the eradication of the hookworm in the south. The spread of pellagra is said to be equally as great as that of the hookworm and the danger to the section affected even greater.

Mr. Carnegie is known to have long been interested in the problems of the south.

MRS. BOYLE WAITS FOR CASH

Her Case Is Continued so Friends Can Raise Funds.

Philadelphia, Nov. 16.—The sensational kidnaping of William Whitla of Sharon, Pa., was recalled here yesterday when the state superior court postponed until next May argument in the case of Mrs. Helen Boyle, who is serving a sentence of 25 years for participation in the crime and who is seeking a new trial.

The case had been set for argument here in December, but attorneys for Mrs. Boyle asked a continuance on the ground that funds to prepare her case for presentation would have to be raised by friends, and the time at hand for this purpose was not sufficient.

TO UNCOVER SCANDAL

Federal Officials Dig Deep in Sugar Importation Scandal.

Washington, Nov. 16.—While a padlock is clamped on the mouth of nearly everyone in the government service who is in any way connected with the sugar trust inquiry, the ominous silence in taken to presage a storm. It is claimed by those who are supposed to be on the inside that an upheaval which will rank with the insurance scandals of 1905 is about to take place.

Attorney-General Wickersham has sufficient evidence in his possession to convince him that one or more officers and a number of the directors of the American Sugar & Refining company can be punished for complicity in the wholesale robbery which the concern has perpetrated at the port of New York for many years past.

It is declared by an official who has kept in touch with the investigation that the ultimate exposure will astound even those who have been expecting the most sensational result.

Boston and Philadelphia were brought within the scope of the investigation with the report that the government probably would attempt to obtain back duties due on sugar in those cities, while the investigation went on in New York with repeated rumors of reaching the "men higher up."

Cabinet Consider the Case.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The first cabinet meeting since the adjournment of the special session of congress early last summer was held at the White House today, and during the greater part of the time the President's official family was gathered about the executive council table, the "sugar trust" situation in New York was under discussion.

Attorney-General Wickersham and Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh, whose departments are directly interested in the inquiry, gave to the President and to the other members of the cabinet a detailed statement of the situation so far as they understood it and explained that the rigid investigation into the frauds had really just begun.

Both President Taft and Attorney General Wickersham announced soon after March 4 last that the administration would proceed quietly, but effectively, against all law breaking combinations. There having been no change in this policy, so far as known, none of the cabinet officers would discuss the "sugar trust" prosecutions as they filed into the cabinet room this morning.

Matters of routine business affecting all of the government departments occupied the attention of the President and his cabinet during the earlier part of the session today. The President will be in Norfolk, Va., on Friday, the next regular cabinet day.

Enter Plea of Not Guilty.

New York, Nov. 16.—A plea of not guilty to the indictments charging them with conspiracy and aiding in effecting entries of sugar at this port by false weights, was entered today by James F. Bendernagel, former general manager and superintendent of the Williamsburg plant of the American Sugar Refining company, and six minor employes of the company indicted with him.

Attorneys for the indicted men served notice that they reserved the privilege of substituting demurrers to the pleas made today, and applying for an adjournment for removal of trial on the ground that the present state of public feeling rendered it impossible for their clients to obtain an impartial trial in this community.

TO PROBE BLACKMAIL

Warriner to Be Witness Before Grand Jury

Cincinnati, Nov. 16.—That the charge of blackmail against a man and woman in connection with the defalcation of Charles L. Warriner, Big Four treasurer, will be investigated by the grand jury, is assured by the statement of Prosecutor Hunt that Warriner will be summoned as a witness to give evidence against the accused persons.

Just how much more than $643,000 Charles L. Warriner stole from the Big Four railway will never be known. It has developed that the company's cash books prior to 1905 have disappeared and it will therefore be impossible to determine the full extent of the defalcation.

The comparatively small amount of $5,000 on two counts on which Warriner was indicted represents the latest known theft. The total of the stealings for the last five years is given out as $322,000. Of this sum Warriner says he paid $400 a month to each of two persons in the form of blackmail. The rest, he alleges, he lost in speculation, trying to replace his thefts.

The $322,000 shortage amounts to something more than $58,000 for 1905, 1906 and 1907, and to $62,000 in 1908, and $83,000 in 1909.

The most interesting person to appear before the grand jury was Mrs. Jeanette Stewart-Ford, whose connection with the case is still shrouded in mystery. Mrs. Ford declared that she had said nothing to the grand jurors beyond the indefinite statements which she has already made public.

TO TRY WOMAN AS SMUGGLER

Court Remands Wife of Wealthy Steamship Owner.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 16.—Pleading not guilty in the United States court here to a charge of smuggling gowns and other finery all valued at $25,000 into the port of Hoboken on May 25 last, Mrs. Fremont B. Chesbrough, wife of the owner of the Chesbrough line of coastwise steamers, with headquarters in Boston, showed no sign of excitement when Judge Joseph Cross remanded her for trial.

Instead, she calmly produced a bond of $2,500 and then walked haughtily from the room. She will be tried during the January term of court.

The charge against Mrs. Chesbrough is that she had a trunk with a false bottom on her home trip from Europe aboard the Wilhelm III. She declared her baggage worth $109.

PAYS $100,000 FOR PICTURE

New York, November 11.—Charles P. Taft, brother of the president, has purchased a rare portrait, probably the finest of its kind in the world, in limoges enamel, for which it is understood he paid $100,000. It is a large framed oval plaque, bearing the portrait of the Duke of Nevers, executed by Leonard Limousin, an artist of the seventh century.

The picture, which will be added to Mr. Taft's Cincinnati collection, was a part of the Maurice Kann collection, a portion of which was recently brought to this country.

ENTIRE CREW LOST

Steamer Ionic Is Wrecked Off Passage Island Near North Shore of Superior.

BULLETIN.

Port Arthur, Ont., Nov. 16.—Officers of the steamer Mapleton, which arrived here at noon today, state that they saw the missing steamer Ionic reported wrecked on Passage Island, in shelter at State Island yesterday.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 16—The steamer Ionic, owned by the Northern Navigation company and loaded with wheat, is reported to be lost off Passage Island, Lake Superior, with all hands on board. The crew is believed to consist of 20 men.

The Ionic is a steam screw steamer of 1,418 tons. Her length is 209 feet; breadth, 38 feet; depth, 21 feet. She was built in 1890 at Grand Haven, Mich., and her home port is Detroit. Her regular crew consisted of 13 men.

Captain Platt, of the Canadian Pacific line steamer Assinaboia, which arrived in port last night, says he sighted wreckage floating twenty miles south of Passage islands. There were two masts, a number of chairs, and pieces of a cabin, believed by Captain Platt to have come from the Ionic.

The Ionic had a rough time en route here from the Soo, and had to have considerable repairing done to her machinery here.

Ionic Not Accounted For.

Fort William, Ont., Nov. 16.—It is believed here that the freight steamer Ionic, of the Northern Navigation company's line, which cleared from Fort William Sunday afternoon, with of wheat, was lost near Passage Island early Monday morning, with her crew of 20 men, including the captain. The Lake Clearance association here has accounted for all Canadian boats with the exception of the Ionic.

Wreckage Drifts Ashore.

Grand Marais, Mich., Nov. 16.—Large quantities of wreckage, consisting of lumber, spars, skylights, windows and a cabin drifted ashore today at Crisp Point, near here.

There were no marks of identification on the debris.

SAMUEL FEEDS JOHN

England Heavy but Patient American Wheat Buyer.

United Kingdom Largest Importer. C. A. King & Co. say: "She expects to import this cereal year four-fifths of what she eats. She imports more wheat and flour than the United States and Canada export together. The United Kingdom has an area only as large as New Mexico, but population half as great as the United States. They need our friendship and farm products. They are our largest and most patient buyers. Requirements this year are estimated at 272,000,000 bushels, of which about 220,000,000 will have to be imported. Crops this year, 61,500,000 bushels, against 52,500,000 a year ago. People are mostly engaged in manufacturing and commerce. They are sturdy, honest and persevering. They are the world's greatest colonizers and the sun never sets on their vast dominions. In no government are the people so well represented. English cannot see a joke, but Irish and Welsh are very witty. Little England has the world's metropolis, London, and the world's greatest shipping point, Liverpool. Glasgow, Scotland, and Belfast, Ireland, launch the world's greatest ships. England and Scotland have given us nearly all our gems in literature.

"Navigation will soon be closed. Russia may soon feel it at the Azoff seaports, also St. Petersburg. The Black sea promises to continue shipping freely for some weeks. Interior waterways in Germany will freeze up early. Our Canadian friends and Duluth will feel it in a few weeks. Regular marine insurance expires in three weeks, but special rates may be secured for a while afterward. The Chicago is going to attract a contract stock from Duluth, it must soon do it. Navigation closes later here and opens earlier than in the northwest, but it will make no difference here this season.

"Potatoes Will oNt Fill Wheat Sales. Cheap potatoes may affect the bread consumption a trifle, but they will not fill wheat sales.

"Federation of Grain Exchanges. It will be organized in Chicago next Monday. Millers, country grain dealers and all other branches of trade are organized with beneficial results. Why not boards of trade? Such an organization could do much to elevate and broaden the trade. Put the markets on as popular a basis as possible, then see that they are properly advertised. Wake up the Associated and United Press. The combined editors of the Chicago dailies do more for the grain trade than all the other advertising combined. Some congressmen are disposed to regulate the grain trade. A campaign of education will be necessary. Toledo will be there."

ASK UNIFORM SERVICE

Shippers Appeal to Railway Commission.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Members of the state railway commission of Ohio, headed by Chairman O. H. Hughes, are in Washington to attend the annual convention of state railway commissioners.

A number of important matters of interest to shippers will be discussed at the sessions. One of the most important will be that of establishing a uniform car service throughout the United States. At present the different states regulate the time allowed shippers for loading and unloading cars, but there is no uniform rule. A committee of the national organization will report on the car service matter, and it is expected that the report of this committee will precipitate a lively discussion.

The members of the Ohio commission are deeply interested in bringing about a uniform car service, and they will probably make a strong argument for it. According to a member of one of the state commissions, shippers in some of the states are required to pay exorbitant car service charges. One shipper last year was charged upward of $14,000 as penalty for exceeding the time limit allowed by the roads for unloading his cars. In most states shippers are allowed 24 hours to unload and are charged $1 a day for every day additional that the cars remain on the tracks. It is said that an effort will be made to adopt a uniform 48-hour allowance.

A fight is to be made against the proposition put forward by the commission that it be given power to take up investigations of railroad matters in states where the matters are purely local.

There is still another difference over the question of safety appliances, the consideration of which lies with a committee, headed by Edward A. Moseley, secretary of the interstate commerce commission.

A minority report on this subject opposing Mr. Moseley's views, will be presented to the convention.

The delegates to the convention are from every state having railroad commissions. The feeling among a large part of this body is that any greater power granted the interstate commerce commission will result in the usurption of powers of the state bodies and render those bodies practically useless. The rumored fight will center around this contention.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of the splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

AVOID FUSS WITH JAPS

Knox Will Not Protest Against New Treaties With China.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The recent treaties entered into by China and Japan as to the operation of coal mines along the South Manchurian railway and the Antung-Mukden railway do not create monopolies, and hence are not violations of the "open door" or the "equal opportunities" principles, to the observance of which all of the leading powers are pledged.

This decision of the state department is announced in the following official statement:

"In view of the widespread publicity of the statement that the recent Chinese-Japanese agreement relating to Manchuria created for China and Japanese subjects a monopoly to carry on mining operations along the South Manchurian railway and Antung-Mukden railway, which exclude Americans from an extension field of industrial enterprise, inquiry has been made of the two signatory powers and official assurance has been received from each to the effect that no such exclusive claim to mining rights was intended by the agreement; and that, if minerals are found by Americans or others within the designated territory, no objection will be made to their working such mines under concessions granted by China—the whole scope and purpose of the agreement being that any operation by Chinese and Japanese subjects of the mines within the territory mentioned should be joint as between themselves.

"The above assurance confirms the conclusion already reached by the department as a result of its careful study of the agreement in the light of related and contextual evidence."

Secretary Knox has given this whole matter his closest personal attention, and from the facts at hand, including the positive assurances of both China and Japan that no exclusive rights as to mining operations were contemplated in the treaties under discussion has reached a conclusion commended in diplomatic circles as fair and statesmanlike, and also of the greatest importance in view of the "explosive" possibilities of the situation.

ARMOUR TIGHTENS HIS GRIP

Borrows Fifty Millions for Beef and Wheat Conquests

New York, Nov. 16.—That J. Ogden Armour, head of the various Armour companies, intends securing a firmer grip on the beef and wheat interests of North and South America was indicated today by the announcement that the Farmers' Loan & Trust company had been named as trustee of a $50,000,000 mortgage issued by allied Armour companies on all their properties in New York, Illinois, Texas, Kansas and Iowa.

The mortgage provides that $30,000,000 shall be used to extinguish the outstanding stocks and bonds of the Armour concern, and that $20,000,000 shall be used for betterments and extensions.

It was recently pointed out that the Armour interests had become allied with the National City bank and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and that the combination of interests were forming a chain of banks in South America for the purpose of controlling the wheat and beef imports of that country.

WILL SEEK VINDICATION

Ex-Sheriff Shipp Plans to Run for Office Again.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Rather than ask for clemency from the government that has fixed upon him the stigma of failure to perform his duty as sheriff, Joseph F. Shipp probably will choose to go back to the people of Hamilton county, Tennessee, after his term in jail for contempt of the supreme court of the United States has been served and test their confidence in him by asking them to re-elect him to his old office. His sentence of 90 days in jail for failing to prevent the lynching of Ed. Johnson, the negro, whose legal execution for criminal assault had been stayed for review by the supreme court, will expire just in time to allow Captain Shipp to begin a campaign for sheriff.

Warden McKee today visited Shipp and his five fellow prisoners and discussed with Captain Shipp his methods of trying to make good citizens out of the average prisoners brought to the jail. The other Tennessee prisoners took little part in the conversation. The warden offered to lend the prisoners any of the books in his library, but most of them preferred to read the newspapers.

HASKELL MUST STAND TRIAL

Demurrer of Oklahoma Governor Is Overruled.

Chickasha, Okla., Nov. 15.—Federal Judge John A. Marshall today overruled the demurrer filed by Governor Charles N. Haskell and five other Oklahomans to indictment charging them with fraudulently securing from the government title to a large number of town lots in Muskogee. The defendants were ordered to appear for trial Saturday morning at Chickasha.

BEES HELP FARMERS

Nectar Gatherers Aid Seed and Fruit Crops.

Beekeeping is a valuable aid in the cultivation of fruit and seed crops. Insects which feed on nectar play an important part in the fertilization of flowers, says Cosmos. Fertilization is effected in other ways, but the agency of insects is the more certain and efficacious, and no other insect is comparable with the honey bee in this respect. A strong hive contains 10,000 bees in February, 15,000 in March, 40,000 in April, and from 60,000 to 80,000 in May. It has been discovered by skillful observers that the average load of nectar carried to the hive by a bee is about 3.10 of a grain, so that the collection of one pound of nectar requires nearly 23,000 foraging excursions. By means of hives set on balances it has been found that the daily increase of weight in May average 3.3 pounds. Occasionally, more than 11 pounds is gained in one day; and when the amount consumed by the bees and the loss of weight by evaporation are considered, it appears probable that the average daily quantity of nectar collected is not les sthan 11 pounds, which would load 250,000 bees. As a bee visits 10 flowers on the average in colecting a single load, some 2,500,000 flowers are visited in one day by the bees of a single hive. An additional large number of visits is required for the collection of pollen. These figures explain why many trees and plants bear small crops in the absence of bees.

The bee is charged with various imaginary crimes. Its sting is formidable, but chiefly to the imprudent. It is accused of ravaging fruits, but its tongue is formed exclusively for the extraction of sweet juices, and its mandibles are unable to pierce the skin of a fruit. Grapes have been taken intact from the interior of a hive in which they had been allowed to remain four days. A grape which had been smeared with honey was licked clean, but was not injured. The bees inserted their tongues in pinholes made in the skin of a grape, and extracted some of the juice, but they were unable to enlarge the holes. In some districts bees are menaced by insecticides intended for other insects. At Terricle, Italy, in 1907 all the bees were killed by spraying the olive trees with sodium arseniate mixed with molasses, for the purpose of destroying the olive fly.

BIG WHEAT INCREASE

One-Sixth Growth in World Production.

Washington, Nov. 12.—There has been an increase of nearly 300,000,000 bushels, or fully one-sixth, in the production of wheat recently harvested in six countries of the northern hemisphere, which in 1908 produced practically two-thirds of the world's supply. These countries embrace the United States, Canada, France, Hungary, Russia and Roumania, and the figures are gathered from the latest estimate published of the production for each country.

After two years of unusually abundant yields, the world's production of hops this year, according to reliable trade estimates, will fall to a lower point than in any year since 1882. Germany and England, which have already issued official estimates on crop, show a decrease of barley one-third of the quantity picked in 1908, and commercial estimates for the other important producing countries bring the probable world total for 1909 to between 105 and 110 million pounds, about 100,000,000 pounds less than the crop harvested in 1908. Notwithstanding the commercially estimated loss of one-eighth to one-fourth in the United States crop, this country has suffered much less than its European competitors and will attain first rank as a producer.

Although improvement was noted in the prospects of the European sugar beet crop during the past month, the probable sugar production during the coming campaign is still unofficially estimated considerably lower than in 1908-1909, it is anticipated, however, that the reduction will be fully offset by an increase in the production of cane sugar in extra European countries.

NO MORE WHEAT CORNERS

Chicago Board of Trade Would So Have It.

Chicago, Nov. 16—The directors of the Board of Trade have voted unanimously in favor of a change in the rules of that body calculated to prevent "corners" in grain and foodstuffs. The amendment will be submitted to the members of the board for their approval in 10 days. One of the new rules which they will be asked to adopt follows:

"If a 'corner' is run and there is a default in the contract, the president of the Board of Trade is to appoint a committee of three members of the board, this committee to be approved by the board of directors, and this committee shall say what the true commercial value of the commodity in question is on the date of the maturity of the contract. The price established by this committee will be the one upon which settlements are to be made."

Another proposed change in the rules provides for the expulsion of members or firms found guilty of manipulating the market.

NOVEL HOT WATER BAGS

Made Up in Imitation of Dolls for the Use of Little Folks.

Little folks sometimes have aches that might be dissipated by the application of a hot water bag, but not all little folks would be quiet under a water bag of the old-fashioned sort, or even under one with a pretty cover which would still be simply like a little pillow so there are now made hot water bags in the shape of dolls, which it is supposed the little folks will cling to.

These doll finished hot water bags are made up some in imitation of girl dolls, some as boy dolls and they come in a number of sizes and variously costumed in Mother Hubbards rompers, and so on, and they look in every way just like dolls; but the body is a hot water bag.

JEER BISMARCK AS TYRANT

German Crowd Cheers for Election Reform.

Frankfort-On-the-Main, Germany, Nov. 15.—After a huge Socialistic meeting in the Circus Schumann yesterday in favor of universal suffrage, serious demonstrations in the streets occurred.

Immense crowds formed in procession and marched to the Bismarck monument, where the Socialist editor, Herr Quint, denounced Bismark as an oppressor, the crowd shouting "Down with Bismarck and the Prussian Junkers." They cheered for election reform.

The demonstrators next proceeded to the Schiller monument, where speeches were delivered, but there were no disturbances there. From this point the line of march was taken up to police headquarters, but mounted and foot police intervened and dispersed the marchers, arresting many of them.

CATCH FOURTEEN AS COINERS

Secret Service Men Raid New York Grocery.

New York, Nov. 16.—A still hunt for members of a gang of counterfeiters instituted last April by the United States secret service ended yesterday in the arrest of 14 men, all foreigners, who are charged with counterfeiting and passing spurious bills.

The raid, the biggest of its kind on any individual gang of counterfeiters ever made in the country, took place at the grocery store of Dominico Milone. Eight of the accused men were found there. The secret service men separated after the capture and rounded up during the day the other six men they wanted.

It was discovered last April that $2 and $5 bills were being circulated by the thousands in the state, particularly in the Hudson river valley. The local detective bureau were baffled and Washington was appealed to. The secret service took up the case and after patient investigation found that the plates from which the bills were being made are in Palermo, Italy, and that the counterfeit money was being shipped in an ingenious way into this country.

11,000 BURNED TO DEATH

Hutchinson, Kans., Nov. 11.—Eleven thousand chickens were burned to death when fire destroyed the plant of the United States Packing company here early today. The loss was $50,000.

WALL STREET WORRIED

Fears Taft Will Break With Reactionists.

New York, Nov. 15.—There has been a further toning down of unreasonable optimism in financial circles, says Henry Clews' Weekly Financial Review. For this the gradual hardening of money was partly responsible. Call loans advanced to over 5 per cent in this market, and time money to the end of the year is also quoted at higher rates. There is no need for any uneasiness regarding the monetary situation; but with the surplus reserve of the New York banks verging on the point of exhaustion and the manifest desire of the Bank of England and other great European banks to strengthen their reserves a feeling of caution is imparted that is wholesome, although not acceptable in every quarter.

The New York banks have lost considerably through sub-treasury operations, and gold exports to Brazil continue. After the middle of the new year, however, the funds withdrawn for crop-moving purposes will begin to return, and meanwhile the situation should be further relieved by liquidation in the stock market. This does not mean that we are to return to the former conditions of abnormal ease; on the contrary, for some time to come firm rates are in prospect. Appreciation of the latter condition is having a distinctly depressing effect upon the bond market. Demand for this class of securities is now very limited, and it is noteworthy that in the placing of new issues bankers prefer placing stocks to bonds.

Of late the stock market has shown more or less weakness owing to the approaching session of congress and an undercurrent of uneasiness regarding President Taft's attitude towards corporations. The President has just finished a tour of 13,000 miles throughout the country, traversing the populous districts of all sections. He has thus come in close touch with political sentiment, and has evidently found the so-called "Roosevelt policies" popular. Having been elected on promises to carry out these policies, it is to be expected that he will more or less favor legislation unacceptable to corporations and that agitation on these lines will be renewed when congress opens. To the disinterested observer this is not altogether surprising. A strong hostile public opinion has unfortunately been created against our large corporations, chiefly because of abuses incidental to their recent rapid growth. It will be conceded that these corporations possess enormous power, and that by means of further combination they might be able to exercise an influence that would by corruption or other means threaten supremacy of the government itself. The placing of such vast interests in the hands of a few men, who absolutely control the destinies of hundreds of thousands if not millions of our population, cannot reasonably be expected to be permanent. The people will rule. They will insist upon the open field and a fair chance. That is the foundation of our government, and no power that is able to seriously interefre with that object will be tolerated.

The threatened control of our industries and our railroads by small groups of men, organized for purely selfish purposes and having little or no regard for public welfare, has awakened a deep-seated feeling of uneasiness among the masses and is really the chief incentive for most of the socialistic propaganda which is spread broadcast today. Mr. Harriman was a man of vast ability and undoubtedly achieved great results, but the system of excessive centralization in industry for which he pre-eminently stood is in violent conflict with all the principles of this government, which aims at equality of opportunity to all.

Roosevelt's tremendous popularity in this country was based upon his clear recognition of the fact that public welfare was being frustrated by our great railroad and industrial combinations. His remedies of cure may not always have been the wisest, but his purpose was sound and his policy will prove a winning one, although in the rough and tumble of battle more or less injurious agitation and legislation may have to be endured. President Taft has evidently sufficient political sagacity to recognize these conditions, and it is quite likely that he will vigorously carry out the Roosevelt reforms. Should he not do so, there is little doubt whatever that Mr. Roosevelt himself will be recalled to perform the task. Therefore our captains of industry and railroad magnates may as well choose as to whether they would prefer to have congress devise a scheme of wholesome regulation of corporations under Mr. Taft's moderate and kindly hand, or whether they would rather take the chances of dealing with Mr. Roosevelt, who would undoubtedly be less gentle and more radical. The choice is with them now; later on it will be with the people if they do not act.

FREE FUEL

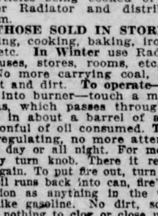
Most Wonderful Stove Ever Invented

BURNS AIR

Fuel Drawn Principally From Atmosphere

HEATING OR COOKING

Air now burned in this wonderful stove is free to rich and poor alike. No trust in control.



This Valveless, Wickless Automatic Oil-Gas and Air-Burner Stove

is a machine that generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air.

Scientific test proves it uses 395 barrels of air to one gallon of kerosene oil. Sectional Cut of Generator.

CHEAPEST FUEL—INTENSE HEAT.

Heat concentrated under cooking vessels and absorbed by articles being cooked or concentrated under Radiator and distributed throughout room.

NOT LIKE THOSE SOLD IN STORES.

Ideal for roasting, cooking, baking, ironing, canning fruit, etc. In Winter use Radiator for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc.—Always ready. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot and dirt. To operate—turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match; it generates gas, which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed. That's all. It is self-regulating, no more attention.

Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner—oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in the world. Not dangerous like gasoline. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks, nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control. D. CARN, IND., writes: "It costs only 4 1-2 cents a day for fuel." L. NORRIS, VT., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, at least 50 to 75 per cent over wood and coal." E. ARNOLD, NEB., writes: "Saved $4.25 a month for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. My range costs me $5.50 per month. The Harrison $1.25 per month."

Wm. Baering, Ind., writes: "We warmed a room when it was 10 below zero with one Radiator." Rev. WM. TEARN, ME., writes: "This morning 16 below zero—soon after lighting Harrison Oil-Gas Stove temperature rose to summer heat."

ALL SIZES PRICES LOW, $3.25 AND UP. Sent to any address.

Heater and Cooker or Heating Exclusively.

Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable—lasts for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills.

Give this stove a trial. Send no money—only send your name and address. Write today for full description, thousands of testimonials. Our 1910 Proposition. Circulars FREE.

EXCITING BUSINESS FOR AGENTS

SALESMEN—MANAGERS—Men or Women at home or traveling, all or part time—Handling or taking orders—appointing agents, etc. MESSRS. HEAD & GRAZE, TEXAS, writes: "Enclose order for $81.00. RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. Sold 50 stoves in our town." R. L. HEUSTED, MICH., writes: "Been out one day and sold 11 stoves." This patent new. Nothing like it. Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop, look, get interested, want to buy at once. Show dozen, sell ten. Write today for special agents' new plan. Send no money. World unsupplied. Get in early for territory. THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 145 World Building CINCINNATI, O.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Nov. 16.—With shorts on the run, cables firm and bullish sentiment gaining momentum, wheat opened strong and higher. From now on news from Argentina will be of more importance than perhaps any other foreign factor. It is believed that damage reports should be studied with care because the crop got a late start, and the plants are perhaps not as thrifty as usual, as was the case in the United States this season. Light receipts in the northwest strengthened the situation in the spring wheat markets. Fear of manipulation in America was the chief cause of strength in the Liverpool market. Toledo cash opened ¼c advanced at $1.23, December ½c advanced at $1.23½, May ½c up at $1.24⅝ and July ¼c higher at $1.04. The market was a trifle easier in the first half hour.

Wheat eased off to below the level of yesterday's close, when the hunger of shorts began to be appeased. A show of export demand for Manitoba helped the market somewhat. Toledo cash closed ¼c off at $1.22½, December ¼c down at $1.22¾, May ¼c off at $1.23⅝, and July ¼c up at $1.03.

Poor condition of corn has dulled the local market. Farmers are holding in order to get better prices later, and what little corn arrives is too wet as a rule to handle with satisfaction. Toledo December started ⅜c up at 62½c, May ½c higher at 63⅜c and July ⅜c advanced at 63⅝c.

Prices were slightly higher at the end of the day, old cash closing at 67½c, new cash at 63½c, December at 62c, May at 63⅜c and July at 63¼c.

Oats opened a trifle higher in sympathy with corn. It is estimated that Ohio farmers have at least a third of the crop left in their hands, the grain being held for higher prices. December started ⅛c up at 42⅜c, July ¾c higher at 44½c and July ¼c advanced at 42½c.

Closing oats values, cash, December and July 42½c, May 44¼c.

Clover seed at the outset was up about 2½c all around. Receipts of old seed, however, continue fairly liberal, and serve as a check on the market. Demand will not amount to much as long as the market shows sagging tendencies. Cash opened at $8.60, December at $8.65 and March at $8.62½.

Receipts were 140 bags against 300 a year ago. Shipments amounted to 250 compared with 850 a year ago. Cash closed 5c up at $8.62½, December 5c up at $7.67½, March 5c up at $7.87½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Nov. 16.	Nov. 15.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.23	....	....	1.22½	1.22⅝
Dec	1.23⅛	1.23½	....	1.22⅝	1.23
May	1.24⅝	1.24⅝	....	1.23⅝	1.23⅞
July	1.04	....	....	1.03	1.03⅝
Corn—					
Cash (old)	....	....	....	67½	67½
Cash (new)	....	....	....	62½	62½
Dec	62½	62⅝	....	62	62½
May	63⅜	....	....	63⅜	63⅜
July	63⅜	63⅝	....	63½	63¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	42½	42½
Dec	42⅜	....	....	42½	42½
May	44¼	....	....	44½	44½
July	42½	....	....	42½	42⅜
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.60	....	....	8.62½	8.57½
Nov	8.60	....	....	8.62½	8.57½
Dec	8.65	....	....	8.67½	8.62½
March	8.82½	....	....	8.87½	8.82½
No. 2	....	....	....	8.85@8.40	
No. 3	....	....	....	8.15@8.25	
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	76½	76½
No. 3	....	....	....	72	72
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	..	....	....	7.90	7.90
Nov	....	....	....	7.90	7.90
Dec	....	....	....	7.95	7.85
March	....	....	....	8.10	8.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.08	1.08⅛	1.07¼	1.07⅛	1.07⅛
May	1.05⅞	1.06¼	1.05	1.05⅛	1.05⅝
July	98	....	96⅝	96⅝	97¼
Corn—					
Dec	60⅝	61⅜	....	60¼	60¼
May	62	62⅝	61½	61⅞	61⅞
July	61⅜	61⅝	....	60½	61⅜
Oats—					
Dec	39¾	....	....	39⅛	39⅛
May	42¼	42⅜	....	41⅝	42
July	39⅝	39⅝	....	39⅜	39⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.16⅞	1.17⅛	....	1.16⅛	1.16⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.07	1.07⅛	1.06	1.06⅛	1.08⅜
May	1.06⅝	....	....	1.06⅛	1.06⅝

MINNE